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FROM

Col. T. W. Higginson.

26 June, 1900.

Christus Victor

A STUDENT'S REVERIE

BY

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1899

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Col. T. W. Higginson

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World-Saviour, see me at Thy feet
Awe-stricken; in my hands, for Thine unmeet,
My heart's best treasure dearly bought
With tears and travail, and with trembling brought.
If in this casket Thou shouldst find
Aught to adorn Thy way or help mankind,
Though not frankincense, myrrh, or gold,—
Tribute of star-led caravans of old,—
Take it, O Heart of Love Divine,
And use it as Thou wilt, for it is Thine.

PRELUDE

SEE on His mother's gentle breast,
The infant Saviour sink to rest;
Soon will she lay His baby head
In peace upon His manger-bed;
Sleep, little Jesu, sleep awhile,
Then bless us with Thy waking smile.

Angels, sing some sweet lullaby,
Soft echoes from the blissful sky;
Sing, angels, sing to all the earth
The story of His lowly birth;
Look, sons of men,—a wondrous sight—
Love new-born, with resistless might!

This dimpled form, so soft and fair,
The burdens of a world shall bear;

These tender feet, so small and weak,
For us, where'er we stray, shall seek;
These little arms outstretched shall be
For all mankind on Calvary.

Wake, Child, the nations need Thee, wake!
The mighty now Thy vassals make;
Subdue their stubborn wills to Thine,
O'ermastered by a touch divine;—
Thy conquering love fierce passions tame
And get new glory to Thy name.

Clothed in love's peerless majesty,
Lead warring nations after Thee,
That following they may find Thy way
To light and peace, and in that day
Forever, at Thy bidding, sheathe their swords,
And hail Thee King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

ARGUMENT

IN an old New England farmhouse a student sits in meditation; a fierce storm raging without, his lamp and fire dimly burning within, his closed book before him, and the skeleton which he has been studying beside him.

Falling into a train of reflection upon the human form, he is led to think of the undeveloped powers and the future life of that being whose frame has long engrossed his study.

After various meditations upon the immortal life into which, as in a vision, he sees an endless flood of souls rising from the earth, his mind is filled with questioning thoughts as to the final destiny of mankind, feeling that an all-wise God whose nature is love, must have designed the human race which He created, for happiness and holiness at last.

The student is overawed by the immensity of the thought and by those teachings of the Scriptures which appear to conflict with such an idea. Whereupon he is led to consider one or two typical passages usually held to support a contrary view, and as his mind begins to rest upon a hopeful solution of the question, other objections of a philosophical character relating to freedom, law, etc., rise to confront him.

After considering these and some other questions to which they lead, and still feeling that Love must in the end be triumphant, in spite of all the vast opposing forces, he appeals to the risen Saviour to show the manner and extent of His victory, that his soul may rest in quiet on a sure foundation.

The Saviour relates to him the experience of His passion as a pledge of His final and complete victory over evil.

Perfect peace takes possession of the student's mind as he hears a chant of triumph sung by the heavenly hosts, hailing the sure victory of love.

The writer's treatment of his subject is but fragmentary, as indeed befits so vast a theme; so vast that it will not suffer itself to be cramped within the formalities of an orderly arrangement, but

rather, like drifting fragments of a wondrous vision, kindles the imagination with faint, disjointed glimpses of the mighty whole which may not yet be grasped in the fulness of its majesty.

Like the musician haunted by some sweet, illusive melody, now leading, now driving him from key to key, from stop to stop of his instrument, the writer seeks through diverse forms of rhythm and measure some expression for the unutterable joy of the divine harmony that has stirred his soul.

PROLOGUE

O HEAVENLY DOVE, thy quickening influence give,
Brood o'er my helpless thoughts and make them live;
Strengthen and clothe my feeble, fledgeling words,
That they may fly abroad like happy birds;
That they to saddened hearts new hope may bear,
And with long-troubled minds their gladness share;
New light within some darkened chamber fling,—
Sunlight swift glancing from a passing wing,—
Till joy shall take the place of doubt's dull pain
And the fainthearted one fresh courage gain;
Some scoffer learn how great the love he spurns,
That like a home lamp for his coming burns;
Some wavering soldier buckle on his sword
And hasten to the warfare of his Lord.

Come, Holy Spirit, touch my heart with fire,
Set free my stammering tongue and tune my lyre,
That I to my high theme new powers may bring,
The triumph of Almighty Love to sing!

Christus Victor:

A STUDENT'S REVERIE

I

LOUD storms the tempest, heaven is black with rage;
The headlong winds have broken every bond
And savage blasts go scouring through the sky,
As if a demon-hag with her foul imps
Swept shrieking down the night: a direful crew,
Fore-runners of some dread calamity.
Fierce glares the lightning, loud the thunder's roar,
And swollen clouds pour down long treasured wrath.
Grim gnarlèd oaks writhe groaning in the gale,
Struggling like souls harassed by doubt and fear—

Brave hearts, though torn, unconquered by the
storm!—
Hoarse gusts with ghostly cries besiege the house
And, shuddering, prowl about from door to door,
Now shake the casements, now with sad complaint
Hiss through the shivering crannies, " Let us in! "
The blazing firebrands cast a lurid glare
Over the room, making weird shadows dance
Fantastic measures to the wild refrain.
My book is closed, and night wears slowly on
The while I muse, lost in a drifting reverie:

II

What is this that sits beside me!
Who my guest this fearful night?
Whose these pallid, ghostly features
Shining in the fitful light?

Spectral face of doubtful meaning—
Was it but the flickering gleam
Of the flame which from that visage
Caused a deathly smile to beam?

Was it that the sudden shudder
Of the storm-wind's gusty flaws

Made a sound like hollow laughter
  Gurgle through those fleshless jaws ?

Ha, 't was not a laugh he uttered,
  Long ago that voice was hushed;
Long it is since grief or pleasure
  From that withered bosom gushed.

Those white limbs of his are lifeless,
  And that jaw is fixed and stern,
And his orbless sockets, glaring,
  Never from the embers turn.

III

O grisly phantom of a man,
I know not how thy story ran,
Or whether thou wert stern of face
Or wreathed with smiles and winsome grace,
Or whence thy footsteps hither came,
Or what thy lineage or name;
Howe'er unknown the tale may be,
Yet wert thou fellow-man to me.

Nay, leave thy rigid hand in mine,
For I thy secret would divine;

How oft mine eyes have run thee o'er
And conned thy stores of hidden lore,
As I have sat with thee alone,
Long pondering sinew, joint, and bone;
Searching for each minute detail
That aught my purpose might avail:
But now upon this grewsome night
I see thee in a fairer light;
What is it binds my life to thee,
What thread of common destiny?

Of what avail is all the strife,
The stress and toil of human life,
If this wan spectre is the goal,
The final answer to the soul?
Yet night doth so oppress my heart
With solitude and storm, thou art
A welcome comrade, though I trace
Scant fellowship in thy hard face!
I can but feel, whoe'er thou art,
That in my life thou hadst a part,
That in thy lineaments I see
One who is somehow knit to me,
Whose life and mine, for ill or good,
Join in a mystic brotherhood.

Lo, this is but a ruined home
Whose tenant now afar doth roam,
This habitation left behind
Some statelier palace dome to find.
Here once an eager spirit dwelt
Who all our common passion felt;
His humble cot these crumbling walls
Where now my voice so vainly calls.
Once blithesome laughter echoed here,
And pain's lament, and cries of fear.
This stony face that naught can move
Once answered to the tones of love,
As, rocked upon a mother's breast,
Her sheltering arms this form caressed.

What songs of joy were lightly trilled!
What rapture once this bosom thrilled!
What throes of pain these members shook
Ere he this tenement forsook!
But ere the spirit went his way,
Leaving this ruin to decay,
Was there no missive hidden here,
No word of greeting for my ear;
Did he no message leave with thee,
O Shadow of Humanity?

IV

Why shrink away from this grim skeleton ?
For here is beauty. See, each curving bone
Is carved and fashioned by a skilful hand
And fitted to its fellow, while the whole
For strength is built, a marvel of design!
With cunning art the supple joints are wrought,
Suited to complex movements manifold.
Here is a channel deeply grooved to guard
Some tender vessel from all outward harm.
These serried ribs protect the beating heart
And with each surging breath, as billows, heave;
These bones rise dome-like over reason's throne.

V

With tension strong this framework of a man
Full many a cord and band together knit;
And hold each timber of the spirit's house
Firmly in its appointed place; then all
The busy joints are freed from friction's heat,
Being moistened by the limpid flow within,
As the soft oil prevents the noisy clang
Of mighty engines, or the rattling loom.

VI

See where the swelling muscles next were placed;
Fold upon fold they lie, a ruddy mass,
The seat of strength, like strands close intertwined
Here is the source of labor's sturdy blows.
And skill of fingers as they deftly fly,
Making the softest music; here the touch
Of hands that tells of love.

VII

Through every part
A labyrinthic network winds, like some
Far-clambering vine whose wide-extended arms
Bear heavy clusters fraught with ruby wine.
Through swelling arteries with ceaseless flow
The stream of life comes rushing from the heart.
O heart, so steadfast in thy lifelong task,
Unfaltering day and night, from youth to age,
Thou strange, unfathomed fount of weal and woe!
As a wild torrent chafes its banks and roars
With recent rain, so leaps this crimson stream
When passions burn; as gentle waters flow
'Neath summer sun, so glides this current on
When peace and health hold sway, bearing new strength
Upon its waves.

VIII

The whole with art divine
Is rounded to the matchless form of man,
Modelled for beauty, strength, and majesty;.
Lord of the earth, erect, facing the heavens,
Of all created forms the masterpiece.
And over all a silken vestment spreads,
Now mantling with the bloom and rose of youth,
Now blanched with age, or pain, or withering fear.
And on the head, like to a crown of glory
Or a strong helmet, see the thick, crisp hair
That to the manly face new beauty adds;
Or sunny tresses with their glorious wealth
White shoulders hiding, flowing down to drape
The graceful form with their luxuriance
As, mirrored first in Eden's crystal fountain,
Eve, wondering, saw her glowing beauty shine
Fairer than first awoke the blushing morn
To meet the flashing eye of amorous day,
Fairer than the silvery moon on Paradise.

IX

Ah, who can tell the marvels of the eye,
Where thought, expectant, in its watch-tower waits—

A wondrous lens that pictures to the mind
The beauty and the terror of the world;
Mysterious mirror, deep, unfathomable;
The eye of man, before whose fearless gaze
The lion slinks affrighted to his lair;
A glowing beacon-light that flashes forth
On friend or foe the flames of love or hate
From pent up fires.

X

Hark how the song of birds,
The merry laughter or the cry of pain,
The muttering thunder and the ocean's roar,
Through the mysterious chambers of the ear,
Are echoed to the soul that dwells within!

XI

Here sounds the voice, that peerless instrument.
With gentle tones it lulls the babe to rest,
And murmurs words of love and tenderness;
With stern commands directs the strife of men,
Where nations struggle on the field of war;
Swayed by the magic of its eloquence,
The hearts of thousands beat with one accord;

And, when it soars upon the wings of song,
The souls of men are touched with fire, and rise
High above earth and all its sordid care,
Consumed with longings fierce, impetuous,
That storm across the spirit roused from sleep
And raise a wild commotion in the deep.

XII

High over all, the brain, thought's mighty vassal,
Sits like a despot ruling by his will;
A thousand messengers await his nod
To bear his mandates with the lightning's speed.
Within this convoluted maze what powers,
What energies, what aspirations dwell,
And from their narrow cell reach forth to shake
The world, yea, dare to grasp the universe!

XIII

Before such lavish beauty of design
I stand in awe, and contemplate the throng
Of earth's unnumbered children, each one made
With skill so wonderful! Here we behold
The culmination of a mighty plan;

Each step, advancing from the lower depths
Of reptile life, displays a clearer mark
Of nearer likeness to creation's head.
This chain of life ascending, who shall trace
The spirit's frame? Ah, who with wondering eye
Shall penetrate the soul's anatomy,
The texture of the immortal man disclose,
Or watch the ethereal spirit poise for flight
Released from earth's reluctant, clinging clay,
That form which still in glowing youth shall live
When all the starry hosts of heaven have passed?

XIV

New wonders crowding thick on every side,
My soul is dazzled with infinity
And prostrate falls before Eternal Love,
Adoring Him, our Father and our God,
Whose glory fills the wide earth and the heavens,
Whose might created and whose will sustains.
He stamped His image on each human soul
And made us godlike in our mortal state;
He made our flesh His temple glorious,
Filled full of light divine; our weakness, strength;
Our death, the way to immortality.

XV

They judge not rightly who, the husk earth-stained
Seeing, ignore the precious seed within.
Could we but read aright the germs divine
Hid in this perishing frame, waiting the growth
Of countless ages and millenniums,
What eye could bear the glory of the sight
Blinded before the majesty revealed,
As 't were the Lord of Light he looked upon!
So blends the finite with the infinite,
So close allied is man with Deity!
Each generation as it comes and goes
New powers evolves, greater dominion grasps,
And clearer vision of our birthright gains.
And when these germs shall feel the Eternal Spring
Breathing upon them, each shall wake to bloom
Of deathless beauty, unfolding leaf by leaf,
As the fair rosebud opens to the sun,
Each petal sweet with perfume all its own
Distilled from early dew, from sweat, from tears
Of earth, seethed in the slow retorts of God.

XVI

What man soe'er I chance to see—
Amazing thought—is kin to me,
And if a man, my brother!

What though in silken raiment fine
His form be clad, while naked mine;
He is a man, my brother.

What though with flashing chariot wheel
He spurn my cry, nor pity feel;
He is a man, my brother.

What though he sit in royal state
And for an empire legislate;
He is a man, my brother.

What though of strange and alien race,
Of unfamiliar form and face;
He is a man, my brother.

What though his hand be hard with toil
And labor his worn garment soil;
He is a man, my brother.

What though ashamed, with drooping head,
He beg a morsel of my bread;
He is a man, my brother.

What though he grovel at my feet,
Spurned by the rabble of the street;
He is a man, my brother.

What though his hand with crime be red,
His heart a stone, his conscience dead;
He is a man, my brother.

And when we pass upon the street
It is my brother that I meet;
Alas, alas, my brother!

Though low his life and black his heart,
There is a nobler, deathless part
Within this man, my brother.

The soul which this frail clay enfolds
The image of its Maker holds;
That makes this man my brother.

Though dimly there that image shine,
It marks the soul a thing divine,
A child of God, my brother.

For him the spotless Son of God,
The Perfect Man, our pathway trod,
To show Himself our Brother.

Nor walks the earth so vile a wretch
But down to him that love doth stretch,
As to an only brother.

Though deep the abyss with darkness lower,
'T is but the measure of His power
Who thence will raise my brother.

A Saviour to the uttermost,
He will not see His brother lost,
Nigh ruined, yet His brother.

XVII

Hold back thy hand,
And reverent stand
Before this image of thy God.
See in this face
Some latent trace
Of Him who raised thee from the sod.

Long shadows, cast
By ages past,
Now blur and stain this image fair;
The hate and crime
Of bygone time
Still guard their ancient stronghold there.

In this dark life,
With turmoil rife,
But coarse and stunted flowers bloom;
Thy lilies fair
Ne'er blossomed there—
What blighting curse has been his doom?

These records old
A tale unfold
Of foul disease and low desires;
Here vice now breeds
Its poison seeds,
Transmitted from a hundred sires.

Gaunt Famine's hand
Here placed its brand—
Canst thou for him no pity feel?—
War's hurt and scar
These features mar,
Long trampled by the oppressor's heel.

Justice and Right
Behold the blight,
And blush to think where lies the blame!
In this low face
See your disgrace,
The blood-writ story of your shame.

Here impious Greed
Doth vengeance breed,
Portent of wrath's insanity;
How dare ye scorn
This wreck, storm-torn,
Derelict of humanity!

Ye whet desire
With liquid fire
With snare and pitfall strew his path;
For gold ye sell
Fierce draughts from Hell,—
Dare ye to brave the Almighty's wrath?

O sons of power,
Beware the hour
When God to judgment summons Greed;
In that wild day,
Though loud ye pray,
Your cry the avenger may not heed.

Before you see
Humanity
Despoiled, disfigured; from this face
Cry myriad slain
For lust of gain;
Ah, who shall Greed's foul scars erase?

Why must ye wait
Until too late;
Till Nemesis unsheathe her sword?
Love yet might take
This wretch and make
A man of him!—Forgive us, Lord!

From this dark heart
A stream might start,
Called forth by your good word or deed,
And, flowing, bless
Some wilderness
Whose harvests men unborn would feed.

Make less his load
Forbear your goad;
Help him to know your fairer life;
Soon, soon for all
The night will fall,
And hushed will be the toil and strife.

XVIII

Suppose a kindly word of mine
Could lift the clouds and bring sunshine;
Am I my brother's keeper?

Suppose the weary worker toils,
For scanty pittance delves and moils;
    Am I my brother's keeper?

Suppose in penury and fear
My neighbor see the wolf draw near;
    Am I my brother's keeper?

Suppose beneath a tyrant's heel
Some distant nation anguish feel;
    Am I my brother's keeper?

Perhaps—who knows?—perhaps I 'm not!
Self-centred soul, hast thou forgot
The marvel of our common lot,
  The mystic tie that binds us all
  Who dwell on this terrestrial ball,
    The tie of solidarity;
  Stupendous hope and mystery,
  The far off goal of history?—
    Good Lord, increase our charity!

XIX

See where the sun, in fiery splendor sinking,
  Shoots down his rays athwart the misty clouds;

After his journey, cooling vapors drinking,
Ere he his face in growing darkness shrouds.

If the great sun, with life awakening power,
From ocean's breast, from stream, and lake, and fen
Rich treasure draw, wherewith the earth to dower
When poured upon the parchèd ground again;

Cannot the Lord, the will of man compelling
By love's attractive power to seek His face,
Awaken life where'er He makes His dwelling,
Amid the scattered kindreds of the race;

Awake new life, in blessèd fountains flowing
From hearts unused to do their fellows good;
Streaming to every land, forever growing
Unto a universal brotherhood?

XX

How dream-like and unstable is the form
That wraps the spirit in its earthly veil!
In ceaseless flight the wingèd atoms haste
From earth and sea and air—a rescuing host—
To build anew this fast dissolving frame

That with each movement, with each thought casts
off
The perished cells which die that we may live.
This solid flesh so firm is but a shape,
A candle flame that seems from hour to hour
The same in form, unchanged in brilliancy;
Yet through the flame there flows a ceaseless stream
Of particles ablaze with heat, that give
Themselves its form and beauty to maintain.
As burns this candle flame with passing days
From infancy to age, what flitting shapes,
What weakness, vigor, and decrepitude
Hide from our view the ever-constant soul!
We feel faint stirrings of immortal youth
And start with wonder at our fading flesh;
And when this changing mask we have outgrown
Or when the Lord of Life shall call us hence,
Then shall we suddenly be clothed upon
With some more glorious form of vaster powers.

XXI

'T is certain thou must die, and even now
The lines are closing in that shall one day,
How soon thou knowest not—converge on thee.

And when that messenger shall summon thee
He will not brook delay nor let thee tarry,
Though urgent business need thee sore, though
schemes
Long nursed by thee, from year to year, be ripe
Thy soul to gladden with their guerdon fair.
The house thou buildest thou may'st not complete;
The ship thou loadest may not put to sea;
Thou may'st not bid thy dearest friend farewell,
Nor speak thy treasured message to the world,
Though listening nations wait to hear thee speak.
Why dost thou fear? All men must pass that way;
Death would not come to all were 't not a boon.
Lest we these rudimentary gifts should hold
Of too great moment are we hurried hence;
Love is not satisfied that we should stay
From our inheritance too long away!

XXII

" Why dost thou drive me so, insatiate one?
Is 't not enough from dawn to setting sun?
Me with all thy schemes thou dost so active keep,
I fain would find oblivion in sleep!
Once had I rest and peace ere thee I knew,

Where 'mid the grass and flowers the wild birds
flew;
But since the day myself to thee I gave,
Naught hast thou done but grind me as thy slave."

"Oh, I am weary of thy long complaint,
Thy tales of woe, thy fears lest thou shouldst faint,
Thy constant cries for food, for rest, for sleep,
That would my strong desire in bondage keep!
Long have I nursed thee, waited on thy need,
Kept low my fires thy smouldering flame to feed;
Oft wondered why thy burdens I must bear,
And why thou too my longing couldst not share.
Peace! Had I driven thee to my full desire,
Long since wouldst thou have perished of my fire.
Soon may'st thou rest amid thy grass and flowers,
But I shall haste away to try my immortal powers!

XXIII

The savage bending o'er a pool
Beholds his image, eye to eye,
And gazing on that dusky face
Recoils amazed,—he knows not why.

At noon upon a grassy knoll
  The wearied reaper scans the sky;
The harvest grows, the cloud floats on,—
  Has he forgot that he must die?

The restless worker delves and dreams
  While round the sun the seasons fly;
He builds for more than mortal years,
  As though he were not soon to die.

High o'er the city's muffled roar
  His silent turrets greet the sky;
He soars above the sordid earth,
  Forgetful that he there must lie.

Across the scholar's dusty page
  The centuries toil beneath his eye;
He sees the nations rise and fall,—
  Forgetting he himself must die.

O heart, thine intuition trust,
  Dream on of greater things to be;
Thou feelest thou art more than dust,
  And thou wouldst know thy destiny.

From mystic polar glaciers torn,
  Impelled by mighty currents deep,
Slow-drifting mountain-dreams are borne,
  Majestic in their onward sweep.
From night escaped, on crystal keel
  They seek a softer, sunnier clime;
So drifting, dream on till thou feel
  The summer-glow of endless time,
And melting in the ocean swell,
There bid thine ancient bonds farewell!

XXIV

A tomb was built of massive stones,
  Fast clamped with many an iron band;
Below, among ancestral bones,
  Lay the last noble of the land.

"Closed be this tomb, these stones unmoved,"
  So ran the legend graven deep,
"Their line is done, their worth is proved,
  Let them in peace forever sleep."

A tiny seed came floating by,
  Borne gently on the summer breeze,
A living germ, not doomed to die,
  Offspring of sturdy forest trees.

It fell to earth unheard, unseen,
  Within a little crevice lay,
And slumbered there in peace serene,
  Unknown, unnoticed, many a day.

Its rootlet slowly downward crept
  Through narrow paths with granite walled,
Where long-dead generations slept;
  Nor was it by the gloom appalled.

Its fibres grappled with the dead
  That dwelt in ghastly grandeur there;
Upon their mouldering ashes fed,
  Transmuting dust to verdure fair.

Into the air the seedling sped,
  The tree rejoicing sought the light;
Its branches triumphed o'er the dead
  That long had lain in slumberous night.

Till, nourished by the sun and rain,
  It gathered strength from day to day;
Then rent its mighty bonds in twain
  And rolled the granite rocks away.

The sunlight trespassed in the tomb,
  The breezes laughed with fragrant breath,

New life dispelled the ancient gloom
  And mocked the vaunted power of death!

XXV

Hid in the chrysalis, this grovelling worm
Lies heedless of the storm and winter's cold,
Until the spring with beauty clothes the field
And June with roses crowns the blossoming year.
Then, breaking from its withered tenement,
Its dormant life to larger freedom wakes;
In splendor clothed, it flits from flower to flower,
With jewels on its rainbow-tinted wings,
A living blossom, fairest of them all!

XXVI

I sought a lake among the peaceful hills
  Where fairy fleets of water-lilies grow;
Each argosy rich golden treasure fills,
  Around them perfume-laden breezes blow.

The lily-pads, all glistening emerald, float
  Around me, whispering softly as I go
Sweet, murmured messages against my boat
  To her for whom their dainty blossoms blow.

I plucked the swaying lilies, one by one,
  Torn from deep moorings in the languid stream;
No more they rode at anchor in the sun,
  Short snapped each dripping stem, as breaks a dream.

But one proud flower the queen of all did reign;
  Its jealous stem refused to let it go;
I pulled,—the mimic cable bore the strain
  And weighed its anchor from the depths below.

This lily on her gentle breast shall lie,—
  Lo, the reluctant root has reached the light;
I started, wondering as it met my eye,
  How from such foulness grew these petals bright!

Drifting, I felt the presence of the Power
  That from corruption formed a child of light;
That out of blackness called this radiant flower,
  Pure, golden-hearted, robed in spotless white!

XXVII

Within the egg, with deftly folded wing,
Slumbers the bird beneath the mother breast;

And when the brooding warmth has wakened it
From nothingness to life, his little heart
Throbs with a longing for new liberty;
Till, breaking through the frail, confining shell,
He sees the light, he feels the summer breeze,
New life is his, and soon, with wing outstretched,
He spurns the nest and through the upper air,
Joyful in freedom, revels in the sky!

XXVIII

Do you remember, Love, the day
We watched the birdling fly away,
That golden summer morn?

Five times the robins sought the vine
Whose wreaths around our window twine,
And built them there a home.

And there when all the rest had flown,
One timid birdie stood alone
And paused upon the brink.

The little nest's encircling rim
The world's horizon was to him,
Scarce had he peeped beyond.

But now he yearned for greater things,
He longed to try his growing wings,
Where had his brothers flown?

He crouched; he took new heart to dare;
Leaped quivering on the untried air
And sought an unknown world!

As forth he flew with timid grace,
A tree, with proud and glad embrace,
Caught him in open arms.

The dewy leaves, with one soft kiss,
Whispered to him of higher bliss
And straightway he was gone.

XXIX

Along the beach dead shells lie strewn, cast off
By creatures who their narrow homes outgrew,
Until at length, bursting their prison bars,
They gained a larger life and roamed the restless sea.

XXX

As once I strolled beside the sun-lit sea
I heard a happy, low-voiced melody,

As if, amid the breakers' hiss and roar,
A babe were softly cooing on the shore:

"*The agèd ocean is my nurse,*
My swaddling-band, sea-grass;
The bright waves wash me in their spray,
And kiss me as they pass.

"*The storm-song is my lullaby,*
I love old Ocean's voice;
The flood-tides bring me dainty food,
And waking I rejoice.

"*Though but a tender, pearly shell,*
Safe to my rock I cling;
The future has no fears for me,
Sing, Ocean, surge and sing!"

XXXI

Low hung the sky, and gray and chill,
The woodland missed the joyous glow
Of summer, faded long ago;
The moaning wind swept round the hill.

As each wild gust fled hurrying by,
Dead leaves like rainfall smote the ground;

And, rustling with regretful sound,
The trees made answer with a sigh.

My heart was heavy with the thought:
"Must we, too, shrivel in the blast
Of death, and perish at the last?—
Must life's fair promise come to naught?

"Are lives as fruitless as they seem?
The future but a vision fair
That, fading, leaves us to despair?
And is immortal hope a dream?"

Nay, cheer thee, Heart, for even now
Where from the stem dead leaves are torn,
Lo, autumn buds of spring are born;
And Hope is writ on every bough.

Though wintry dirges round me wail,
I hear the swaying branches sing,
I hear faint murmurs of the spring;
These buds will wake and life prevail!

XXXII

Lo, the great earth itself with gradual change
Passes from year to year, from age to age,

Until, when time is ripe, some mighty throe
Rends the old order with upheavals vast,
With world-convulsions, with great cataclysms
That change the seas and continents, and bring
New order into light, with higher life!

XXXIII

O Mother Earth, who dost our spirits clothe
In garments plucked from thy maternal breast
On which we hang, is there no word more clear
No speech more simple, more articulate
Than thine? We hear thy voices sweet and low,
And thy dumb creatures as they try to speak.
We see thy slumbering children wake again
As night retreats before advancing day.
We see drear Winter's dead revive with Spring,
When from the heavens life-giving sunbeams flow.
We see thy types ascending, step by step,
Where thou the story of thy life hast told,
In mystic fossil hieroglyphs inwrought
In adamantine rock, in furrows deep,
Carved by the mighty ice-plough slowly drawn
By thy resistless steeds. In our frail hearts
Hope climbs with native instinct ever higher,

Encouraged by thy smiles, hope vague and dim.
Yet art thou terrible when in thy rage
Panting thy bosom heaves, proud cities reel,
And frighted nations tremble at thine ire.
Thy cyclones desolate, thy lightnings kill,
Thy gory monsters tear and thirst for blood.
Thy voice that once was sweet appals; black Night
O'ermasters Day; stern Winter conquers Spring.
How doubtful are thy hints of life to come!
Thou hast no pity for the weak; thy smiles
Are for the masterful and them alone.
Is there no heart the feeble to befriend,
No arm outstretched the perishing to save?
Shall I return at last to thy embrace
And in thy darkness rest again forever?
A voice within me, foreign to thy tongue,
Tells of a treasure that thou hast not shown.
Hast thou not hidden in thy bounteous breast
Somewhere, O Earth, a peerless Gem whose ray,
Thence shining forth, erelong shall flood thy gloom,
With light supernal glowing,—yea, whose flame
Shall blind the sun, and put his fires to shame?

XXXIV

See, in that rock-hewn garden sepulchre,
The Holy One of God, despised and slain,
With nail-torn hands and feet, and spear-pierced side,
His gentle brow by mocking thorns defaced;
See where He lies, obedient unto death!
Into that pallid face the glow of life
Begins to steal, while silent and in awe
The heavenly watchers stand. Now they with haste
Unwind the scented wrappings from His form
That fill the place with rich aromas rare,
Perfume of spicery and sweet spikenard's breath
Lingering since love her alabastron broke
And with her tresses wiped these tear-bathed feet.
And then, their joyful faces all aglow
Like flashing sunbeams, quickly by a touch
They roll away the stone with jarring shock,
As if an earthquake passed, and sitting there
Behold their Lord go forth, Death's Conqueror!

XXXV

Emancipator of the slaves of fear,
Arise victorious from the tomb.
Thou hast explored its caverns drear
And rent its veil of gloom.

From age to age Thy liberating voice
Death's myriad captives hath set free;
At Thy glad summons they rejoice
In immortality.

What kings and ancient prophets longed to see,
In noon-tide glory now appears
Unto the poor revealed by Thee,
Clear-shining through their tears.

The helpless in Thy bosom Thou dost bear,
The weary lean upon Thy heart;
From troubled souls Thou liftest care,
Thy peace Thou dost impart.

To pastures new Thou leadest day by day,
O Shepherd true, Thy flocks defend,
Lest evil seize us in the way
And wolves the weaklings rend.

Thy peerless word, sweet-voiced in every tongue,
Invites the sons of every clime;
Thought-Leader Thou, Earth's great among,
Ideal of all time.

The thoughts of men Thou leadest after Thee,
Thy Spirit moves upon the deep;
What cause doth spurn Thy majesty
Shall in oblivion sleep.

Thy form unseen, Thou livest evermore
With men,—the heavens and earth are met—
Did Love Almighty e'er before
Such fellowship beget!

How shapes Thy hand the movements of mankind,
  Kingdoms like billows rise and fall;
How patient guides Thy master mind
  Where sin disfigures all,

Evolving slow the vast, harmonious whole,
  Member to member, part to part;
Mankind the body, Love the soul,
  Thou the life-giving Heart!

Love-driven and sorrowing, gentle Prince of Peace,
  Thou sendest forth the awakening sword;
How bleeds Thy heart till war shall cease,—
  Grim servant of the Lord

That with deep, ruthless plough the soil doth tear
  To fit it for Thy precious seed,
Till West with East the harvest share,
  And both Thy bounty feed.

Angels of peace fly swift at Thy command,
  War's desolations to make good,
And closer weave from land to land
  New ties of brotherhood.

The seething ferment of the world's unrest
  Is but the leaven hid by Thee,
Till from the turmoil, froth, and quest
  Thou lead men pure and free.

World-Healer, Good Physician, wise and calm,
  Though fierce our fevered pulses burn,
Outpour for us Thy soothing balm
  Till we Thy quiet learn.

The Orient star that lit Thy lowly birth
  E'en to the Occident shall shine again,
Till Thou refresh the waiting earth,
  O Light and Life of men!

A thrill of coming blessing and accord
  Whispers to men the mystery;
The winds are heralding the Lord,
  All eyes are bent on Thee.

Thou drawest, All-searching Lodestone, evermore
  With mighty sweep from pole to pole
Increasing hosts from every shore,
  Thyself, Thy heart the goal.

But not from Earth alone shalt Thou have praise;
  Unnumbered worlds shall hear Thy call,
And high the swelling triumph raise
  Till Love has conquered all.

XXXVI

  Hail Victor, First-born from the dead!
Open our eyes to see Thy radiant face;
Make us to feel Thy presence, know Thy grace,
  From glory unto glory led.

Thou whom the grave could not retain,
Nor Roman guard, nor envious seal confine,
Break Thou our fetters with a touch divine,
Help us Thy liberty to gain.

Thou Lord and Brother of mankind,
The past, the present, and the times to be
With growing expectation look to Thee,
The world's Deliverer to find.

Bring to our darkened minds new light,
Diffuse Thy quickening radiance far and near;
Vanquish the might of sin, dispel our fear
And let Thy day o'erwhelm our night.

Wake our dull souls from drowsy sleep,
Let us not here be fully satisfied;
Help us to rise with Thee to worlds untried,
Lead Thou the way and near us keep!

XXXVII

What powers now vaguely felt with longing deep,
What tireless strength where now we sleep or faint,

What daring courage where our hearts now fail,
What joy of life and freedom shall be ours!
How shall our hands reach back in sympathy
To those still hampered by the weight of flesh;
How shall we run with eager, flying feet
To meet our loved ones on that radiant shore
And love's full rapture know for evermore!

XXXVIII

Wait, my Belovèd, wait,
Swiftly the changeful seasons fly;
I am coming, my Love, though late,
The hour is drawing nigh.

Wait, my Belovèd, wait,
Stray not too far through regions fair;
I am coming, my Love, though late,
And I must find thee there.

Wait, my Belovèd, wait,
I fear lest thou outgrow thy mate
And I should come too late, too late;
Wait, O Belovèd, wait.

XXXIX

Was it an answer to my cry,
Or but a zephyr floating by,
A whisper or a sigh ?

"*Love is not dead*," *it seemed to say*,
"*Love never will be far away ;*
I too await that day.

"*Love will not go beyond its own ;*
The more of bliss I here have known,
The dearer hast thou grown.

"*Love is not dwarfed by upward flight,*
Nor dazzled by celestial light,
Nor lost in Heaven's delight.

"*Nay, when thou com'st to seek me, Dear,*
I thy first wondering cry will hear,
Belovèd, have no fear !

"*Nor height nor depth shall separate ;*
There is no coming home too late ;
Be patient, Love, and wait !"

XL

From some commanding height that rears its crest
Above the mists and clouds of earth, down looking
Shall we not through that pure and tranquil air,
See all our half-forgotten journey spread
Below us like a landscape at our feet;
The joyous, bloom-clad hills, the sunny plains,
The quiet hamlet nestling in the shade,
The city murmuring low of strife and toil,
The mountains proudly lifting up their heads
Where fleecy clouds float softly up the steep
Whose sturdy front has many a storm defied;
The perilous descent, the dark ravine,
And, black with gloom, the terrible abyss;
Swift-flowing rivers flashing in the sun,
The lake with islands on its peaceful breast,
Foul, stagnant fens and pools, the dark morass,
And, bounding all, that great mysterious sea
Whose waters bore us to the shores of time?
Then shall the various paths by which we came
Wind with a meaning far more bright and clear
Than when we trod those unfamiliar ways.

XLI

Did early hope
Dream of a gentler slope,
Tuneful with Spring's alluring roundelay,
And bright
With cloudless light
Poured on thy joyful way?
Ah, courage keep;
Press on and scale the steep
Till thou the last sharp, rugged crag shalt climb;
There shalt thou gain a view far more sublime,
And fairer seem thy track
When looking back!

XLII

Shall we not see life's mystery made plain,
As some fair pictured tapestry that seems
Upon its nether side, beneath the hand
Of him who weaves, naught but disordered threads
And colors in a wild confusion mixed;
While on the upper surface shine the forms
Of beauty, and the colors rich and rare
That had their birth deep in the master's mind,

There glowing ere they saw the light of day ?—
Or like a painted vase, whose noble shape
Is overspread with pigments crude and dull,
That by their discord seem its form to mar,
Until the artist gives it to the fire
Whose fierce, relentless breath upon it pours,
Making the colors blossom in the flame,
Rich and resplendent in their harmony ?
Shall we not be like some o'erweary child
From whose limp fingers slips the tedious task,
And, while it slumbers, Mother's gentle hands
Undo the stitches; all the tangled threads
In order lay, and when the child awakes
Its tears have changed to smiles, its troubles fled ?

XLIII

Sleep, child of my love, Mother watches thy slumber,
No more shall his troubles her darling annoy ;
The cares that distressed thee, so many in number,
Her hand will undo them, sleep sweetly, my boy.

O child of my love, that my fingers might ever
Thy troubles remove, and swift succor afford ;

Or wilt thou, my hero, the tangled cords sever
That fain would thee bind, with one blow of thy sword?

Peace, child of my love, Mother watches thee sleeping,
She longs for thy waking, as night for the day;
Thy mother with singing her love-watch is keeping
While baby is smiling, in dreamland at play.

XLIV

How tenderly doth mother-love embrace
All creatures, yea, the very earth enfolding!
See gentle Night with softly soothing touch
Lulling her child to sweet forgetfulness
Where, bowing low, the assiduous Galaxy,
The All-Mother, broods the weary, slumberous Earth,
From rim to rim of the horizon bent,
All love,—her flowing garments wove of stars!

XLV

What splendors on my soul will break
When I from death's chill night awake!

How will mine eyes endure the light
Streaming upon their dazèd sight?

Whose touch will rouse me from my sleep?
What form will o'er me vigil keep?

And when I feel that presence near
Shall I not be o'ercome with fear?

How shall I dare to see that face
So full of majesty and grace?

Or shall I cross the ghostly stream
Without a sleep, without a dream;
Unknowing drift from shore to shore,
Dim earth behind, sunrise before;
Untroubled by the strident gale,
Unconscious of the straining sail,
All unawares the voyage make
From life to life without a break?

Ah, waiting Love will meet us there,
  And 'mid the glories of that land
  Will gently lead us by the hand
Until our eyes the light can bear!

XLVI

Soul, in thy Father's home the skies are fair,
There shalt thou breathe a pure, refreshing air,
Shalt bathe thy wounds in limpid morning light,
Rest, and forget the turmoil and the fight.

When thou art rested shalt thou then explore
A wonder-land of beauty, and adore
The Hand that leads thee, as each new surprise
Rises sublime on thy bewildered eyes.

How insubstantial now earth's fading dream,
How like reality these marvels seem!
So blind thou wast with strange perversity,
That thou the shadows only then couldst see!

No troubled night shall end the happy day;
No longer Right before the Wrong give way;
There love shall bear its fruit through endless time,
And life grow full and strong in that fair clime.

XLVII

What joy to know the great of centuries past,
Heroes and sages and the patriarchs old,

Leaders of men in every land and age,
Not bowed and hoary with unnumbered years,
But from earth's greatness to full stature grown,
Majestic now in manhood's glorious prime;
To sit at rest in that great company,
With those we love, and drink deep draughts of
lore
And wisdom from the masters of all time!

XLVIII

No more these warriors lead their fellow-men
To bleed for glory on the battle-field,
Nor devastate the earth to crown their pride;
For greater wars and larger conquests now,
With late-born zeal to serve their God and kind,
They marshal heavenly hosts to vanquish wrong
Where'er it lingers in the universe,—
Life-healing blossom of a noxious seed,
Strange fruitage of earth's strife for mastery!

XLIX

And these who scoffed at Heaven and holy things,
Made light and mocked where angels look with awe,

Seeing how short their sight, how vast their loss—
Poor dazèd night-birds blinking at the day—
In deep humiliation own their shame.

L

No more these sages in their nightly watch
With feeble glass shall scan the starry vast,
To measure suns and count the glittering orbs;
No longer mocked and baffled by defeat,
With clearer vision they explore the sky
And read the secrets of the firmament.

LI

These dauntless souls who, loyal to their Lord,
Refused to bow the knee at Error's shrine,
Who scorned release at cost of truth betrayed,
Counting one man with God a greater host
Than armèd multitudes upholding wrong;
Unconquered by the rack, or flame's fierce breath,
The tiger's cruel fangs, the lion's fury,
Thought it but gain to die, so Truth might live;
Meekly the shame and agony endured,
As seeing Him who is invisible.

LII

Lovers of truth and man no more despair
Of right, or suffer cruel martyrdom;
The ebbing tide is out, and now the sea,
Turning in strength, sweeps all before its flood!

LIII

And these who in each soul, howe'er defiled,
Beheld a brother and a child of God;
Who loved their fellows well and strove to ease
The heavy burdens of their earthly lot;
To waken dead hearts with the thought sublime
That all are children of the Almighty One,
Immortal heirs of a great heritage,—
These shall behold the glorious brotherhood
For which they longed and wrought, at last complete,
The universal family of God.

LIV

No more with patient toil these scholars trace
For men in dusty tomes the word of life,
And seek the truth in ancient palimpsest,

Often with scorn and hatred as reward.
Now speak they with the Living Word and learn
How simple is the truth, how plain the way;
Himself the glorious Truth for which they sought,
Himself the Way, the Light, the Life of men.

LV

And these rapt lovers of the Heart of Things,
Who saw the grace of flowering field and vale,
The mystic shade of forests flecked with light,
The purple mist upon far distant hills,
The rush of seas, the storm's wild majesty;
Who felt the throbbing of a rhythmic pulse
And in the face of Nature saw her soul;
Who in her myriad voices heard one voice
That told them of her ancient mysteries;
Heard too in dreamy murmur of the breeze,
In bird song and the insect's drowsy note,
In sweet complainings of the wandering brook,
Melodious strains of nature's symphony;
Who saw the blush of dawn, the noon-tide pomp,
The stately splendor of declining day,
The melancholy twilight and the spell
Cast o'er the sleeping earth by the pale moon,
Filling the charmèd air with floating forms

Drifting like fleecy clouds around the fair
Mistress of amorous Endymion,
Enamored of the peerless Queen of Night;
Who, when the moonbeams slept, with awe beheld
The midnight glory, the triumphal march
Of constellations through the star-lit waste;
Who strove in toil and want and cold neglect
To show a heedless world with brush and pen
And chisel, fragments of their visions fair,
And to interpret to their fellow-men
The deepest passions of the human heart,—
These now are blest with clearer light, and know
The full fruition of their earthly dreams,
And loftier raptures of creative joy!

LVI

These others who, though lowly, still were true,
In meekness following where their feet were led,
Steadfast in duty, vast uncounted throng
That never knew how shining were their deeds,
Nor dreamed how fruitful was the seed they sowed,
Now sparkle, jewels in His treasury
Who doth with foolish things confound the wise
And with weak things the mighty bring to naught.

LVII

Ah, not in slothful ease shall we recline
And dream away our new existence sweet;
The dream is past, and life, more life is ours!
With ever new desire shall we ascend
Those paths that climb o'er glorious heights to Him
Whose beckoning hand forever leads the way.
No dreary days of care, no nights of pain,
No swiftly flying years that drag us on
With cruel haste to meet the dreaded end,—
The end is past and time shall be no more!
No more our little boats we daily launch
To creep in fear along our native shore,
But out upon the boundless ocean sail,
Free to explore the wonders of the deep.
Or sent as messengers of Love Divine,
Knights-errant to protect the weak from harm,
To aid the brave contending for the right
And from unequal odds wrest victory;
To turn a sinning brother from his sin
And help him forward on his homeward way,—
What sights of beauty shall our eyes behold
As, in vast journeys through the unnumbered worlds,
We view the many mansions of the sky!

LVIII

It may be God has some far-reaching plan
Of life, some vast and wonderful design
Embracing all creation, more benign
Than aught that ever charmed the heart of man;
Ah, who can tell!
The seed that for a thousand years lay buried out of sight,
Till, 'mid a later race of men, it burst upon the light,
May hide within it energies hereafter to be told,
Attesting its Creator's might with marvels manifold.
The vine that buds and withers at my door
May bear its fragrant blossoms on a shore
Where summer never fades.
The insect flitting through a single day
May murmur praises somewhere far away
In ever verdant glades.
The little builder of the aërial arch
With flying banneret and silken dome
May in some future home
As the long ages march,
Growing in skill and understanding, build
More lasting temples with mute worship filled.
Dumb creature's eyes

That often look so wistfully at me
I, wondering, may hereafter see
Beneath celestial skies.
And every bird that greets the dawn,
Or seeks its food upon the dewy lawn,
Or wanders free and fearless in the height,
Or throws its melancholy plaint upon the night,
May in some cloudless country—who shall say?—
Rejoice in larger life, and sing alway
His praises, every creature chanting: All is well!
Yea, every beast at whose terrific voice the forests tremble
May, when the forces of Almighty Love at last assemble
With his full diapason swell the harmony of praise.

And every creature that is in the heavens
And on the earth and under it and such
As dwell within the sea, yea all therein,
I heard say: "Blessing, honor, glory, power
Be unto Him that sitteth on the throne,
And to the Lamb, forever and forever."

Methinks the tide of life that flows from God
Will strew no useless wreckage on the strand,

Nor leave a periwinkle perishing for food
In any inlet where it once has poured its flood;
  But rolling on with mighty surges vast,—
    Life sprung from God, too vital to be lost
    In dark oblivion or to chaos tossed,—
  Will somehow bless all creatures at the last
  Through evolutions infinitely grand.

Man craves for mystery;—here is one indeed
As deep, as high, as boundless as his need;
Go ponder well before, with rule and line,
You take the measure of the Love Divine!

LIX

What forms now dimly seen, what symphonies
Of music unimaginably sweet,
In that glad life shall be our heritage!
Singing for joy the little ones of earth,
Where once they lived a moment and were gone,
Like flocking birds a countless multitude—
Innumerable as the buds of spring—
In rosy clouds of cherub faces bright
Like mists of dawn aglow with coming day,
Fill all the happy heavens with ecstasy;

As larks a-wing, though hidden in the sky,
Pour forth their carols to the listening earth
And flood the air with waves of melody:

LX

Dew drops twinkling in the sun
Ere the day has scarce begun,
In Thy golden light we shine,
Ever happy, ever Thine ;
In Thy hand, so safe and sure,
Hold Thy little jewels pure.

Thou from sin hast kept us free,
Lord, we raise our song to Thee :
Thou didst give us human birth,
And a moment on the earth,
That we might Thine image bear,
Children of Thy love and care.

Those whose love about us twined,
In whose hearts we were enshrined,
We will lead to realms above,
We will comfort with our love,
We will lead them home to Thee,
Home for all eternity.

LXI

Softly a summer breeze begins to blow
Through woodlands, faint with heat of sultry noon,
Each slumbering leaf awakening with a kiss;
A murmur of delight flows quickly on
Through whispering boughs, as stronger grows the
wind,
And all the trees their swaying branches wave,
Till from the rocking forest, far and wide,
A swelling chorus rises to the sky.
So when some patient one, through stress and
storm,
Enters that harbor of eternal rest,
Or when some weary prodigal returns
From sin, to seek again his Father's house,
Some ancient giant wrong on earth goes down
Before the overwhelming charge of right,
And the world moves a little nearer Heaven;
When, by the mandate of Creative Power,
Some orb, new-born and flaming in its course,
Speeds through the trackless heavens to do His
will,
Or when the Lord of Hosts His spirit breathes
On the fierce passions of rebellious men
And leads them willing captives to the throne

Of Love Omnipotent,—then from that vast
And thronging multitude shall one sweet voice
Utter a note of praise and victory;
And other voices, joining in the song,
Pass it from host to host, from world to world,
Until with grandeur past all human thought,
The anthem rises in exultant strains,
And the melodious tide of music flows
Through glowing aisles and sparkling arches high,
A lofty oratorio of praise!

LXII

What raptured chords like floating incense rise:
Hark how each home-returning host replies!
Now they relate how they have served our race,
And trophies lay before the Throne of Grace;
Now from the Lord of Life new powers receive
And hasten forth new triumphs to achieve.
Around the Throne like seas they ebb and flow,
Love's willing messengers they come and go,
Him serving whose Almighty Name they bear,
Eager with mortal men their joy to share.
Now with soft warblings, now with bird-like call,
Sweet cherubs carol songs antiphonal.

I hear them sing, faint echoes reach my ear;
Those tones I know, the words I cannot hear!

LXIII

What joy for us, with evil once oppressed,
With discord and the mystery of life
That o'er our earthy-way dark shadows cast
And filled our hearts with restless questioning,
Bathed on those heavenly heights in cloudless light
To watch God's purpose ripen, and to see
The strong and feeble come, the old and young,
The high and low of earth by many ways!

LXIV

These come in haste, as flies the eager dove
O'er land and sea, swift to her distant home,
Where safe from harm her nestlings lie in peace;
They saw the light celestial from afar
And pause not till they reach their journey's goal;
Chosen of God, elect to lead the way
Before the countless hosts that follow them,
Slow struggling out of darkness into light.

LXV

These grope in darkness with dull, blinded eyes
That cannot see the day that waits for them,

Till at the breaking of some heavenly dawn
With greater glory than the midday sun,
Flashes the light eternal on their night,
Through earthly films, like lightning in the gloom!

LXVI

These, footsore and with travel worn, retrace
Their wilful steps through rugged, thorny paths,
Scourged by the cruel scorpion-whips of sin—
Stern justice of inexorable Love—
Until they loathe the hateful thing that barred
The way and from their birthright shut them out;
And there repenting of their sin, turn back
In shame to drag their weary feet toward home.

LXVII

Behold this vast, innumerable host—
From fireside, field and war's dread carnage flowing—
Stript of the vain habiliments of earth,
Wherein they trusted once for place and power;
Least where ambition would have placed them highest,

Starvelings though glutted with the husks of sin,
Stunted and shrivelling in their nakedness,
Abashed and overwhelmed amid the throng
Of radiant beings strong in life undying—
And in the front, lo, those their sin did hurt,
Their victims once, when on the earth they dwelt,
Come forth to welcome them and to forgive!—
Whose wandering eyes in pity on them turn;
Whose whispered words of high encouragement
Long dormant manhood waken in their breasts;
Who haste to give them joy as fast they come,
Borne Heavenward on love's buoyant atmosphere;
Drawn by the Heart once pierced for them on earth,—
Still pierced by human sin, till sin shall cease;—
Drawn by the Love Divine they long did spurn,
Now kindling in their hearts its deathless passion;
A mighty flood of souls from every land,
Whose billows break upon the heavenly strand!

LXVIII

Love is the Lord of Life, whose rhythmic breath
All nature animates, Sovereign of Death;
Like ocean billows proudly tossing high
Their foam-flecked manes against a stormy sky—

That, heaving, break, and falling at His feet,
Plash on the footstool of His mercy-seat—
He sees the generations toward Him roll
And knows the need of every human soul;
Lights worlds untold with mighty solar fires
And satisfies alone man's deep desires.

LXIX

No murky Styx, no poison river pours
Its deadly waters with pollution foul
Upon those blooming fields so bright and fair,
To desecrate the purity of Heaven.
The countless mingled waves of this vast stream,
Though borne in muddy torrents, or through black
And miry swampland, though on earth defiled
With many a stain and dark impurity,
Though dyed with blood and mixed with bitter tears,
Shall by the alchemy of that pure soil
Through which they flow upon their Heavenward
course,
And by the sunlight's clarifying power—
Life-giving sunlight of Almighty Love—
So like to crystal shine that when they break
Upon celestial shores they shall make glad
With sounding praise the city of our God!

LXX

No little rivulet is this, confined
By narrow banks that fret its doubtful way;
All souls drift on the waters of this flood
Long as the course of time, wide as the world,
Deep as the heart's profound desire, the great
Home-coming of the human family!

LXXI

Blest city, fairer than a blissful dream,
Home of my love, my longing soul's desire,
In whose fair golden courts my loved ones wait,
Homesick, afar, thy joys I faintly see!
Fade not so soon from my enraptured sight;
Glow, crystal walls; with light ethereal glow!
Sparkle with precious gems, O ramparts high!
Ye mighty bulwarks and foundations, blaze
With sapphire, emerald, and amethyst!
Ye glorious gates of pearl, stand open wide
To welcome home the children of your King!
Ah! not till His last child has entered in—
The last, lone, weary soul from the dead earth—
Will God our Father bid you, portals fair,
Upon your golden hinges, joyful swing;
To sin and sorrow shut, to night and death!

LXXII

And as I think upon that mystic flood,
Vast and resistless in its onward sweep,
Hid in the shadows of antiquity,
Flowing to ages yet unborn and dim,
Stretching beyond the reach of mortal eye,
My heart stands still in wonder at the sight,
Awed and subdued by its immensity!

LXXIII

O Christ, have our poor feeble minds conceived
A work too mighty for Thy saving power?
Have our fond hopes too great a burden laid
Upon Thy heart? Are universal peace
And concord sweet, evil destroyed, the right
Victorious, God everywhere enthroned
In willing hearts,—are these some vision fair,
The fleeting glory of a night, to fade
When we awake to the reality?
Lord, do we touch the border of Thy robe?
Do we behold the outline of Thy plan?
Is this a foretaste of immortal bliss?
Or are we by some flitting light deceived;
Lured to perdition by a mocking dream?

LXXIV

Have we not read that Thou one day will sit
Upon Thy glorious Throne to judge the world,
All nations gathered in vast concourse there?
That Thou in dread assize wilt judgment pass?
That Thou the good and evil wilt divide,
As from his sheep the shepherd parts his goats?
That Thou the good to heavenly joys wilt call?
That all the wicked Thou wilt there condemn
To suffer never-ending punishment
And from Thy sight forever exiled be,
With demons cursed in everlasting fire?

LXXV

How have these words of fear from age to age,
Like some deep-tolling signal bell of doom,
Sounded hope's knell and ushered in despair,
By priestly craft enslaved the souls of men,
Sanctioned the torment of the rack and stake,
Made reason reel and totter from her throne,
Crushed bleeding hearts that mourned for loved
ones lost—
Lost if Thy love go not beyond the grave,—
And with the bridal garments of Thy church
Mixed the habiliments of hopeless woe!

LXXVI

When from the language of the Orient,
So warm with symbol and hyperbole,
Thy words to our cold, Western speech are brought,
How oft do men their better meaning miss,
To rigid dogma freeze thine imagery!

LXXVII

How many souls indignant at this tale
Of Heaven's injustice, spurn the proffered bliss
And turn away in loathing from a God
Called Love, called Light, clothed with almighty
power,
Who in the name of justice could inflict
Upon His children, sinful though they be,
Torment and cruel agony, such as they
On their worst enemy would scorn to lay.

LXXVIII

Men in their hearts despise this Mighty One,
Powerless to guide the souls that He has made!
How many brave, unselfish ones have grieved

For those they loved through sin and shame, though dead
In unrepented sin, and without hope,
With broken hearts, have longed to go to them,
Careless of Heaven, if they might share their fate;—
So noble and so strong is human love!

LXXIX

How long, how long shall Terror sit enthroned,
With iron heel to crush the hearts of men
And rule the world by fear, where Love should reign?
O Christ, forgive the wrong that we have done,
The cruel words that we have made Thee speak.

LXXX

Didst Thou not rather say that ere the last
Of those that heard Thy words should taste of death,
Jerusalem the Holy, recreant to
Her Lord, the King of Kings, should meet her doom
In such o'erwhelming sorrow that the sun

And moon should veil their faces at the sight,
The pitying skies drop stars upon the earth
As tears, in sympathy with Zion's woe,
And all the powers of heaven should shaken be,
In consternation at her overthrow;
That then the Chosen People of the Lord
Should see the ancient order pass away
And desolation stalk throughout their land;
That Thou among all nations of the earth
Wouldst then Thy kingdom found on LOVE TO MAN
And deeds of love should supersede the Law;
That service to Thy brethren Thou wouldst take
As service done unto Thyself; that they
Who on the weak and helpless took no pity
Should go henceforth, not to unending woe—
Else wert Thou casting off who need Thee most—
But, self-cursed by their selfishness and sin,
Suffer æonial, purifying fires
Within the soul, where'er the soul may be,—
All else stript off, soul face to face with God,—
Suffer a just, reforming chastisement,
Æonial pruning, sharply cutting off
Their dead and withered branches, till they bear
Fruit for Thy garner, pleasing in Thy sight;
That 'neath Thy rule this law unchanged should be;

That now and evermore at this tribunal
Nations and men for judgment must appear
By Thy criterion of LOVE TO MAN?
Lo, they who know not love know not yet God:
For God is love, and this is life eternal:
God and His Son to know, whom He hath sent,
Not knowing whom is death, eternal death.
Thy judgments are eternal, timeless, lift
Clean out of space, above all circumstance.
Ah, what is space that it should hem Thee in?
Or what is time that it should limit Thee?
For space is naught but a star-dusty scroll,
And fleeting time a brief and broken line
In Thy grand epic of eternity!

LXXXI

Thou Patient One, how must Thou grieve to see
The slow, hard heart of man obscure Thy light
As doth the moon, with narrow, darkling disc,
Eclipse the sun's resplendent face at noon!

LXXXII

O gentle Shepherd, Thou didst tell of one
Who sought his wilful, straying sheep afar
Until he found it in the wilderness.

He did not seek awhile till night came on
And the dark river lay across his path,
And there turn back and leave his sheep to die,
Torn by the wolves upon the mountain-side.
Not so short-lived and fickle was his love;
He sought until he found, and laying then
His sheep upon his shoulders, homeward turned
And to his flock and fold rejoicing came.
Lord, in that Shepherd Thou Thyself didst show;
No cry of pain unheeded smites Thine ear,
No dusky river bounds Thy searching love;
Thou art not Saviour on the earth and then
When Death is past, a stern, relentless Judge.
We trust Thy never-ending love, the same
From ancient days till now, from now till Thou
At last Thy flock complete to God shalt bring;
Thy flock ingathered from a thousand hills
Of Earth, and from the shining plains of Heaven;
Yea, from the abode of terror and despair;
From east, from west, from height, from depth they
come,
One flock, one Shepherd, one rejoicing fold,
All wanderers found, all foes by Thee subdued,
Subdued by love, not fear, All-Conquering One,
Lord of the living and the dead!

LXXXIII

O Christ,
If God is Love and Light and if in Him
No darkness is, then love and light should lead,
And following these shall I not find the truth ?

LXXXIV

Thou didst call God our Father, whose great heart
Burning with love for the rash prodigal,
His lost and wayward son, could not await
His coming, but with eager haste ran forth,
As from afar He saw him nearing home,
Weary of sin; and falling on his neck,
Rejoiced that He had found His child again.
Thou didst call God our Father, Thou didst show
This Pole Star set to guide us in the night,
And any path that leads not toward that Star
Leads not to truth, but to some evil snare
Of man's device, or to some precipice!

LXXXV

Our Father! When the Son of God went forth
To war upon the oppressions of the world,

To break the power of tyrants, and to storm
The strongholds of a thousand ancient wrongs
Entrenched in hoary rite and privilege,
He girt no flaming sword upon His thigh,
Nor at each giant evil hurled defiance,
Nor let His legions loose upon the foe.
Ah no! Apparelled in simplicity,
He went as David ran with pebbles twain
From out the brook to slay the Philistine.
Two simple words He planted deep as seed,
Deep in the fertile soil of human hearts,
There long to germinate until the thought
Grew up among the nations worn with strife—
Grew as the mighty banyan grows, from root
To root, far-spreading, weary Earth to shield,
Sun-beat and torn by tempest—that if God
Our Father were, then brothers all mankind!
This germ, so simple, so sublime, hath wrought
As leaven in the world; now one by one,
Oppressions totter, smitten unto death.
Aghast before its simple majesty
Despots in armed alliance watch askance
Their dreaded foe, as conquering on it comes.
"OUR FATHER," breathed upon a myriad lips
In aspiration for a better day,

Shall mighty throes of revolution heave
And empires overturn and overturn.
"OUR FATHER"! wonder-working talisman
Before whose charm the peoples are transformed;
Hail, corner stone of human brotherhood!
Hail, sacred charter of man's liberty,
Thou pledge and prophecy of coming good,
Forerunner of a world-democracy,
Led by the aristocracy of love,
Whose royal title-deed to rank is service!
Hail, mercy's gentle angel earthward flown,
Sweet almoner of Heavenly Charity,
Angel of Help, thy tender ministries
The poor shall succor and the suffering heal;
Blest thought of home, thy cheering fireside-glow
Doth melt the hardened heart and soothe the soul!

LXXXVI

Though man forget from whence he came,
Or with neglect his birthright scorn,
He cannot change his rank or name,
For he a child of God was born;
Of royal lineage he, and princely birth:
His Father is the Lord of Heaven and Earth!

Though satisfied with low delight,
Unmindful of the heavenly day
That streams in vain upon his sight
To glorify his earthly way,
Of royal lineage he, and princely birth:
His Father is the Lord of Heaven and Earth!

Though he, with base ingratitude
Love's care and mercy should despise,
That Love which raiment gives, and food,
And with earth's beauty feasts his eyes,
Of royal lineage he, and princely birth:
His Father is the Lord of Heaven and Earth!

Though on the Lord he turn his back
And spurn the love that for him waits,
Though he Love's messenger attack
And drive with insult from his gates,
Of royal lineage he, and princely birth:
His Father is the Lord of Heaven and Earth!

Though poor and needy be his lot,
And troubles thicken day by day,
Though by his fellow-men forgot,
While care and hardship crowd his way,

Of royal lineage he, and princely birth:
His Father is the Lord of Heaven and Earth!

Though peace and joy of life be gone,
Though brought by sin to mortal pain,
The far-off goal shall yet be won,
The truth unchanged will yet remain;
Of royal lineage he, and princely birth:
His Father is the Lord of Heaven and Earth!

He comes no suppliant begging bread,
Nor craves he grace of nobler hands,
Erect he holds his kingly head,
Heir of all ages and all lands;
Of royal lineage he, and princely birth:
His Father is the Lord of Heaven and Earth!

Naught, naught the mighty bond can break
That binds the Father to His child,
Nor Death nor Hell His purpose shake,
Though vast their storm and wreckage wild;
Man is of royal lineage and birth:
His father is the Lord of Heaven and Earth!

The Lord of Life, who brought him forth,
Undaunted by the sin of man,

Ingratitude and folly's froth,
In triumph will fulfil His plan;
We are of royal lineage and birth,
Sons of the Sovereign Lord of Heaven and Earth!

LXXXVII

How art thou satisfied with husks and swine,
Thou scion of a royal house divine ?
Why dost thou linger in the wilderness,
Self-exiled from thy home, in sore distress ?
Dost thou not long for thine ancestral halls,
Where love illuminates the glowing walls,
Where treasure past thy wildest dream is stored
And lavish plenty piles the groaning board ?
Dost thou not long to leave thy low estate
For nobler joys that on thy coming wait;
To smell the subtile perfume of the air
Blown from the gardens round that homestead fair;
To hear æolian whispers breathing low ,
Calling to mind loved sounds of long ago;
To see that home unchanged from age to age,
Guarding secure thine ancient heritage;
To feel the bounding pulse of manhood leap
Through all thy veins, so long in sin asleep,

And have the robe of honor round thee thrown,
Clothed with thy Father's glory as thine own?
Dost thou not long to feel the old embrace
And see love's pity in thy Father's face,
The while these long-expectant gates resound
With ringing welcome for the lost one found?
Shake off thy lethargy, immortal soul,
Thy Father waits to bless and make thee whole!

LXXXVIII

Once did my father's strong and tender hand
Nurse me through sickness back from death's dark
strand,
Back from the chilly waters called my soul,
And by his care and watching made me whole.
Some day a Father's voice will call me home,
Home from this land of shadows bid me come,
Back from earth's fitful dream and death's alarm,
Led and protected by His mighty arm—
Wake me to life, glad strength no more to lack,
With all my ailments cast behind my back!

LXXXIX

But we have read of that dread sin that no
Forgiveness hath in this world or the world

To come. Has not this horror drawn a cloud
Across the sun for many a saddened soul,
Anxious lest he at last should meet this doom ?
How oft has reason staggered 'neath the load!
What gentle hearts in hopeless death have sunk,
Hunted by this grim spectre to the grave!
How many mock who fain would love the Lord
Could He forgive unto the uttermost,
Were His love greater than our greatest sin.
How many generous minds would never bow
Before a God who could refuse to grant
Forgiveness to an humble suppliant!

XC

Have thou no part nor lot in such a thought
My soul! believe it not, consent thou not
Thus to malign the Saviour's spotless name.
Upon Almighty God cast no such slur
Born of old error, of mistaken zeal,
Or of some impious conspiracy,
To forge, with this dread thought, the fetters strong
That for long ages bound the minds of men
Imprisoned by a priestly tyranny!

XCI

What phrase is this that holds us thus enthralled,—
In this world or the next? This world, forsooth!
And wherefore read we not in place of world,
A lifetime, generation, or a space;
A dispensation, era, period,
An age? Why should all these rejected be,
That would comport with God's high character
And leave us hope for ages yet to come,
When that past time and this in which we live
Have gone, and in the long eternity—
Æons of æons, cycles all unknown,
Duration vast, unwasting, yet to come—
Forgiveness might be found for every sin?
Has Christ not told us that the letter kills
And that the spirit only giveth life?
What earnest aspirations after God,
What high and holy thoughts, what pure desires
Has letter-worship strangled at the birth,
Relentless, pitiless, implacable!

XCII

How have we stumbled at these fearful words
From Him who bade us love our enemies,

That like our Heavenly Father we might be;—
Who on the unjust and the just alike
The blessing of His rain bestows; who makes
His great, life-giving sun to rise and shine
Reviving both the evil and the good;—
Bade us forgive our brother though he sin
Against us many times oft multiplied,
And on the cross forgave His murderers!

XCIII

Nay, Thou didst utter hot, indignant words,
The terrors of Thy wrath, O Lamb of God,
'Gainst them who would the Holy Spirit quench
Wherever it might move the hearts of men
With comfort for their sorrow; or might give
Fresh courage to Thy followers who faint
In their long, valiant warfare upon sin;
Or, through the gathering darkness might break forth
In flashes of new light from that clear day
That streams forever round the Throne of God—
Whether in time long past, when Thou didst walk
On earth, or when with noiseless footsteps or
With clash of battle's wild commotion, Thou—
Forever sowing seed for times to come,

Forever leading men to light and life—
Hast led the nations after Thee, along
The solemn, storm-swept, sun-flecked colonnade
Of centuries that leads to our late age.

XCIV

How fierce the righteous wrath of love! Behold
The father sternly force his wilful son
From suicidal crime; the mother stand
Between her child and shame with flashing eyes
And eloquence of wrath; nay, the wild beast
Love's fury knows, when she defends her young!

XCV

No sterner, fiercer words, O Christ, e'er fell
On mortal ear than when Thou didst arraign
The foes of truth, who would the Spirit quench
And hinder those who sought its voice to hear.
Then Thou, like fiery rain, upon their heads
The maledictions of Thy wrath didst pour;
The fierce, relentless wrath of love, not hate,
Wrath in defence of trusting ones shut out
Hurl'dst Thou on keepers of the door of truth
Who closed it on meek faces entering;

Wrath of upbraiding sorrow for the fate
Of faithless stewards courting dire distress,
Æonial grief ere they from sin should turn—
Needless, would they but hear Thy voice and live.

XCVI

Though men blaspheme the God who speaks to
them
By all of nature's faithful ministries,
By all the holy prophets of His word;
Though men revile the blessed Son of Man,
Yet may they be forgiven in this age:
But when a man blasphemes the God within,
That dove-like broods upon the dormant soul—
O Paraclete, Companion, Comforter!—
To waken it to loftier, nobler life,
How hardly, in this age or that to come
Shall he forgiveness find for this dread sin!

XCVII

The man who conscience stifles, who calls right
That which he knows is wrong; who knows the
good,
Yet says to Evil, "Thou shalt be my good,"

That man the intimacy of his God
Has violated, and with insult scorned
The bosom Friend who pleads with him in vain;
Who still with silent footstep follows him
To whisper in his ear at busy noon,
In unexpected places call his name,
To look upon him, from the star-lit sky
With deep, clear-shining eyes that pierce his soul;
His sleep to startle with strange, troubled dreams
That will not fade, but echo through the day;—
Besetting day by day, before, behind,
To visit him with pain, remorse and woe
In this life, in the life to come, unquenched
While sin remains to feed the flame; till he
Somewhere shall meet Him face to face, and there
Drawn by the love that would not let him go,
Conquered by faithful love,—love stern but true,—
Unto his Father turns a penitent.

XCVIII

O Christ, defend us all in this our day,
From such dark sin; let us not dare to call
Thee servant of Beelzebub; to quench
The Spirit, though it choose some lowly voice,
Some unknown follower of the Living God

To prophesy new truth,—so old, yet new—
And from Thy royal treasury bring forth
Thy precious jewels to enrich mankind;
To show Thy grace more high, more deep, more vast
Than man-made creeds and systems would allow.

XCIX

Thou art Incarnate Love, and when that Love
Has purged with fierce, long-lasting penal fires
The dross from the pure gold in these gross hearts,
God will, through untold ages yet to come,
Show the exceeding riches of His grace
In kindness toward us through Thy saving name.
It is our sin God would destroy, not us;
All we His children are, and unto Him
Do mercies and forgivenesses belong;
For Love,—our God,—is a consuming fire,
Consuming human guilt, not living souls!

C

To every cold or troubled heart
The treasures of Thy love impart;

Thy pity for each human woe,
Lead us our brother-love to show;
Beneath Thy rule, O Prince of Peace,
May strife and sin and sorrow cease.

Hasten the coming of the time
When love shall lead in every clime;
That long-expected, longed-for day
When all shall own Thy gentle sway,
Thy kingdom spread from sea to sea,
Thy praises fill eternity!

CI

Didst Thou not also say: "I am the Door"?—
Again Thou saidst: "If any man shall knock,
It shall be opened unto him." And didst
Thou mean that for this little span of life
Thou wouldst receive the weary to Thy home,
And those who seek for rest and peace with Thee,
But that when death is past, and those blind eyes
That could not see on earth Thy loveliness,
Or, dazzled by some fleeting joy, refused
Thy hospitality,—ah, didst Thou mean

That when they turned again to seek Thy love
(Perhaps in some far distant time and world),
Repenting of their sin and wasted years,
And humbly knocked for entrance to Thy home,
Then Thou wouldst shut the door upon their cry
And let them wander in their misery,
Cursing Thy name throughout unending time?
Lord, Thou didst set no bounds! Thou didst not say,
"Till death," else wouldst Thou be the vanquished one
And Death would triumph over *Thee*. Nay, Lord,
Forgive the thought; Thou art Thyself the Door—
No fortress gate whose slow, reluctant hinge
Begrudges entrance to lost refugees;
This door admits us to our Father's house,
To each faint knock wide open is it thrown,
And, from within, forth streams the light of home.
For whosoever unto Thee doth come
Thou wilt, O Christ, in no wise cast him out,
Nor time nor place can quench Thy boundless love,
But with those arms that were extended wide
Upon the bitter cross for all mankind
Thou wilt embrace and draw him to Thy heart.

CII

But canst Thou draw men thus? How slow our
hearts
To trust Thy patient love, Thy boundless grace,
That with unwearied patience waits for all!
When Thou didst see the dreaded cross loom up
And throw its shadow on Thy lonely path,
Thou, the far distant future then beholding,
Madest a promise great and wonderful,
Pregnant with blessing vast for humankind,—
That if Thou shouldst be lifted up above
The earth in mortal agony, Thou wouldst
Draw all men unto Thee. Thy word we trust.
How great that word, how comforting the thought!
Give us strong faith till Thou Thy word fulfil!

CIII

I did not ask for life. By God's decree
Helpless I came athwart the light of day.
My lot already cast, my wish ignored,
I had no voice to say if I would be.
Would He who forced my being on me leave
My unknown future, my eternal fate

In these weak hands? Would He bid me decide
My course, and at some parting of the ways
Make final choice, with feeble sight and will,
Which way I go? Has He who hides from me
The morrow till it come, left me to plan
My journey through unending time, while yet
I, purblind, grope for light in this crude state?
Enough for me to follow day by day
With trustful heart in the plain path of duty,
Sure that the end is safe in God's strong hand.
Man may obey his Maker, or defy
Awhile the One that bore and nourished him,
But not a hairbreadth will Almighty Love
Concede to aught that would its end confuse.
Sin unto each full recompense will bring
Of misery and pain,—Tartarean fires
Deep burning in the soul,—to drive him back
Into the homeward path. How oft, how far
We stray, how long sin's torments we endure,
That lies with us. The end man cannot change,—
For, saith the Lord: I am the First and Last
I the beginning am, and I the end,
The Alpha and the Omega.

CIV

Alas,
Sin may deceive and we afar may stray,
Our evil hearts our Maker may defy,
And Retribution, with her face of steel
And form of terror girt with consternation,
Our steps may follow with majestic mien,
Point out our rugged way with fiery sword,
Relentless, scourge us on to keen remorse,
And terrible may be our agony
Until with bleeding feet we reach the goal.
Then with a clearer vision shall we see
Stern Retribution, her long warfare over,
Loosen her corselet, doff her visor grim,
Lay from her dreadful form the clanking mail
And show her face,—the radiant face of Love!
For love at last must triumph over all,
Nor sin nor death from God's firm hand may snatch
His offspring, for whose sake He made the worlds.

CV

Would God our Father wake us from our sleep—
The deep and dreamless sleep of nothingness—

To offer us a slender, mocking chance?
Would He have called His children into life,
Vast throng of souls, unnumbered and unknown,
Through untold ages, in far sundered lands
Where they in darkness sat, nor knew His name,
Think you that He would call them forth for this?
Is His free gift—our glorious heritage—
The sport of chance and coupled with a snare?
Is Chance co-partner with the Lord of Hosts?
Shall circumstance of birth, or time, or place,
Defeat His will and spoil our destiny?

CVI

Would God our Father scatter living souls
Like seeds that flutter in the aimless blast
That recks not where they fall,—in fertile soil
To live, or on the arid sands to die?
Lost seeds may feed the hungry fowl, but God
Will glut no ravenous Moloch with the seed
Of His immortal being, nor cast forth
His offspring, careless where they drift or fall.
Should our Almighty Parent treat us so,
How Evil, insolent with growing power,
Would lift his taunting voice and God deride!

How blighting Chaos his lost sway would claim!
How Order back to wild confusion fly!
O Love, thou blushest at the unworthy thought;
O Justice, what a libel on thy name!
O Darkness, what a triumph over Day!
Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

CVII

Whither upon this strange and changeful sea—
Now calm, now joyful, sparkling in the sun
As if a million diamonds rained from heaven,
Now dark with gathering clouds, now swept by storm—
Drifts my frail bark, beset with doubts and fears?
I cannot clearly see, the night comes on,
The hoarse gale winds its bellowing trumpets wild,
And like a shroud the dread mist wraps me in.
I fear the night, I hear the breakers grind
Upon the cruel, threatening rocks. But still
To guide me on my way, to quell my fear,
From the far shores, with oft-repeated tones,
I hear a steady signal blowing loud
Through the thick night, above the tempest's roar,
With clarion voice proclaiming: "God is Love."

In vain the angry winds that voice defy,
In vain their tumult would His signal drown,
In vain the murky fog would smother it;
Through all the storm, through all the doubt and gloom,
I hear the broken echoes answer: "Love!"

CVIII

If any single soul shall drift in woe,
By fear, tempestuous and eternal, driven,
Lost on a shoreless sea in endless storm,
Or hopeless sink, engulfed in the abyss—
No floating spar, no hand outstretched to save
From the unpitying water's awful swirl—
Plunged headlong down to everlasting night,
In darkness quenched, a living soul destroyed,
Will not God's thought for it have been in vain,
His ancient promises be unfulfilled,
The triumph of the Cross be incomplete,
And victory be mingled with defeat?

CIX

Ah, never sank a sinning soul so low,
But God's paternal hand could deeper go
His perishing child to save.

Though shipwrecked by sin's overwhelming weight,
God's hand has rescued from as hard a fate
Some other castaway.

How shall I set a limit to His grace,
How dare I cloud the glory of His face?—

Abide His time; have faith through weary days
That at the last each soul shall sing His praise
Who moulds the hearts of men.

CX

Oft have I heard, upon the night-wind borne,
A mellow-throated robin piping low
As if, lone herald of the distant morn,
His little heart with rapture were aglow.

Some secret influence of the coming day
Had waked him from his leaf-embowered sleep,
Till in the rushing torrent of his lay
Outpoured the joy no night could silent keep.

O happy warbler, whose glad matins raise
Such tuneful worship to thine Unknown Friend,
I too would laud His name and sing His praise
And magnify His mercy without end.

For I have seen the breaking of a light
  More fair than ever rose to greet thine eyes,
Whose coming shall forever banish night
  And fill with joy the waiting earth and skies.

I see afar the glowing wheels of light,
I hear the fleeing spirits of the night;—
Would that my voice might flow as clear and strong,
As hope-inspiring as the robin-song!

CXI

If man can tame the fierce and ruthless beast
Filled with wild passion and the lust for blood;
If in that shaggy breast man can implant
A germ of love for one who gives him food,
Cannot the Lord in man's rebellious heart
Kindle a spark, in some forgotten cell
Of His own temple, ruined and unused,
That smouldering long, perchance unfelt, unseen,
With stench of smoke, or faint uncertain glow
Shall burst at last to flame in the dark night,
Fanned into life by some strong wind of Heaven,
And blazing, signal from its far-off hill
An answer to His beacon-light of love?

CXII

If man can find a way to reach the dark
Imprisoned mind, when every sense is dead
(Deaf ears and sightless eyes, nor any speech)
And light and comfort to the prisoner bring,
Cannot the Lord the dormant soul arouse,
Though buried in a dungeon black as night;
Cannot a ray of His pure light steal in
To wake the sleeper and dispel the gloom ?

CXIII

If when the tree is withered, parched, and dead,
Refreshing rains can wake in the deep root
New life that shoots from darkness to the day,
With verdure glad and bright with blossoms fair,
Cannot the Lord, with all His gracious showers
Of living waters, reach dead, sterile souls
Long heedless of His love, and make them feel
The breathing of His Spirit like the Spring,
And bud and bloom, with precious fruit, to grace
Celestial gardens of the King of Kings ?

CXIV

O Thou whose name is Love, dost Thou not long
To draw each child of Thine unto Thyself ?

All souls are Thine, Thou holdest each essential;
Art Thou then God and canst not claim Thine own!
Thou madest day and night, sunshine and storm;
Thou madest Good and hast created Evil;
Thou comprehendest and controllest all.
Cannot Thy perfect wisdom find a way
Hard hearts to reach and stubborn wills to lead?
Cannot Omnipotence the way make plain,
Justice and Might and Wisdom serving Love?
For these, though lordly, be but servitors
That Love Divine upon His sapphire throne,—
Each in his own concentric region vast,—
With triple zones of glory girdle round.

CXV

O Thou that from eternity
Upon Thy wounded heart hast borne
Each pang and cry of misery
Wherewith our human hearts are torn,

Thy love upon the grievous cross
Doth glow, the beacon-light of time,
Forever sharing pain and loss
With every man in every clime.

How vast, how vast Thy sacrifice,
As ages come and ages go,
Still waiting, till it shall suffice
To draw the last cold heart and slow.

CXVI

Why should we doubt Thy power? Shall the unseen
And silent current that pervades the earth
Draw the frail needle trembling in the storm
Where shipwreck threatens on tumultuous seas,
Or exiles wander, lost in forest gloom,—
Shall this mysterious influence surely draw
The needle to the pole until it point
Steadfast and true, and shall we doubt Thy power
To attract the heart of man unto Thyself?

CXVII

Shall the majestic sun that rules the heavens
Hold in his grasp the planets as they roll
In solemn order through the realms of light;
Send forth his mighty forces and turn back
The flaming comet in his headlong flight,
Back from the awful depths of space unknown

The blazing fugitive recall and make
This wonder of the skies obedient come?
Shall suns and systems scattered far and wide
Throughout lone regions measureless to thought,
Worlds new-born, nebulous, in vapor swathed,
Fierce molten globes with fiery cyclones torn,
Rock-ribbed and sea-girt planets whirling by,
Dead worlds, dark phantoms of the firmament,
In ceaseless march and wheel and countermarch
Through the thick-woven orbit-maze of space—
Stupendous rhythm that marks the eternal year
With seed and blossóm, fruitage and decay—
While each its pathway keeps, its course fulfils,
Nor clashing worlds in dread collision shake
The universe with terror and dismay;
Shall these harmonious orbs roll on in peace,
Obedient to the all-persuasive power
Of far Alcyone, great central sun,
Leading these hosts forever on and on
We know not whither and we know not how;
And shall not He who rules the universe
Thronèd in calm unmarred by discord dire—
Who out of chaos and primeval night,
When all the morning stars together sang,
Summoned these shining spheres to illume the void,

With torches lighting His triumphal way,
And all the sons of God for joy did shout
Pæans of praise—shall not this Mighty One
Order the ways of His own family,
And from sin's chaos lead the sons of men?
Or shall we doubt that Thou, Incarnate Love,
Son of the Highest, Sent of God, canst draw
Unto Thyself all souls, though lost in sin,
In far-off regions lost to all but Thee?

CXVIII

But must we ever follow, never lead?
Are we not free? May we not choose our way?
Shall this o'ermastering force compel consent?
Is loss of liberty the price of bliss!

CXIX

Spirit of freedom, thou dost love the sea,
Trackless and storm-tost ocean wild and free,
Faint symbol of thine own eternity.
The seagulls wheel and soar and fearless roam,
The stormy petrel dashes through the foam;
The mighty billows heave, the tempests roar,
The proud waves break along the sounding shore
And chant the song of freedom evermore!

CXX

Thou dost delight in every mountain-side
Far from the strife and eager toil of men,
Where like Thy spirit blows the unfettered wind,
Where in sweet freedom roam the deer untamed,
Where high above the darkling forest's gloom
The eagle soars, rejoicing on his way.
Author and God of freedom, Thou dost love
The mountains range on range, with glory crowned,
Kissed by the setting sun as fades the day,
Whose peaks climb heavenward toward Thy dwell-
ing-place.
There Freedom's voice resounds from crag to crag,
There plunging torrents her glad anthem raise,
There avalanches shout her deathless name.
Thou lov'st the cataract's majestic curve
Whose waters rush impetuous thundering down
To misty depths with hovering Iris crowned,
Where from the abyss vast alleluias roll
And mighty voices stir the listening soul!

CXXI

Whence hast thou thy courage, brown thrush,
brown thrush?

Whence hast those wild bugle-tones; heard 'st
thou the rush
Of troopers to battle for rights of the free?
Who taught thee that song of liberty?

Was 't the breath of the forest, melodious bird,
Where mysterious murmurs and whispers are heard;
Where the track of the storm-king is loud with his
blast,
And the wood-giants bow till his trumpets have
passed?

Whence hast thou thy joyance, brown thrush,
brown thrush,
Thy flute-note's delight at the twilight hush,
Piping thy mate a sweet serenade
As she broods her nest in the leafy shade?

I would thou couldst teach me, brown thrush,
brown thrush
To cast off the care that my spirit would crush;
Thou seemest unconscious that aught is amiss
In this troubled world, so perfect thy bliss!

Would some hand might bestow on me vision to
see

How this wonderful earth and sky look, thrush, to
thee,
And what gifts that I know not, wee minstrel, are
thine;
Sing again, O bird-brother, thy carol divine!

With thy cry of defiance, brown thrush, brown
thrush,
Thy pæan, thy warbling, how limpid and lush,
My heart with thine ecstacy thou dost inspire;
Whence hast thou, whence hast thou such
passionate fire?

CXXII

Author and God of freedom, Thou dost plant
In every breast a longing to be free.
Thou to the patriot's arm dost courage give
To battle with oppression and to strike
The tryant down; to break the captive's chain.
Thou dost inspire the love of liberty
Which brooks no priestly bondage of the soul
That dares forbid the mind of man to explore
Thy vast domain unfettered; tyranny
That in a cage would prison wingèd thought,

Or clip her wings lest she should fly too far.
Thou lov'st the eager thought and life of men
Instinct with strength of their high parentage.
Nor wouldst thou have us bow in abject fear
And faint, reluctant homage to Thee pay,
Wrung from us by o'erpowering majesty.
Wouldst Thou not have us sons of God, free-born,
Free like Thyself, as we Thine image bear ?
Dost Thou not call us to high enterprise,
To master earth and sea and scale the heavens,
To broader conquest, nobler victories,
To greater triumphs of self-government,
To share Thy wondrous thoughts and walk with
Thee ?

CXXIII

By love of freedom led,
Our Pilgrim Fathers fled
Over the sea.
Here long they toiled and prayed,
Here deep foundations laid,
Here they a stronghold made
For Liberty.

For Liberty they fought,
And with their life-blood bought
    Our native land;
Where now in peace we dwell,
Low grassy mounds still tell
Where many a hero fell
    With sword in hand.

Led by that noble band,
Millions from every land
    Have hither come.
For some exalted end
Doth God His children send,
And here all nations blend
    In our fair home.

Strong Saxon, Freedom's heir,
    Foremost to do and dare,
    Leader of men;
Brave Teuton, Norseman bold
From fastnesses of cold
Whence stormed the Viking old,—
    Grim dragon den;

Warm-hearted Celt and Hun
Of swarthy hue, blithe son
    Of Italy;
Lone Hebrew, exile-worn,
Cast out with stripes and scorn,—
All seek this blessèd bourne
    Of Liberty!

From Orient's dark domain,
Armenia's tears and pain,
    With one accord
Rejoicing pilgrims go
And, streaming westward, flow
Where hope's high beacons glow,
    Led of the Lord.

From Ethiopia's gloom
To slavery's hopeless doom
    The Negro came;
But lo, a mighty voice,
'Mid blood and battle noise,
Bade even the slave rejoice
    In Freedom's name.

The Red Man, in despair,
Fled to his mountain lair
And forest wild;
Anon sweet Liberty
Invites him to her knee
And bids him, too, be free,
Her native child!

How oft, by tyrants driven,
Have these in battle striven
For kingly pride!
Now cools their hostile blood,
Now for the common good,
In freedom's brotherhood,
Stand they allied.

Nourished by Freedom, here
Shall a new race appear,
From many, one;
Beneath her ample shield,
Upon this wide-spread field,
Shall ancient strifes be healed,
New life begun.

Here will the Lord make plain
Things men have sought in vain
    Since time's first morn;
Called forth by Freedom's might,
Here first shall see the light
Vast powers for man and right,
    As yet unborn.

Ho, freemen, watch ye well,
Let no base traitor sell
    Freedom for gold;
Gift of the Lord of Love,
Sent from the heavens above,
Strong eagle, gentle dove,
    At one behold!

CXXIV

Be not too sure
Your freedom will endure,
Unless ye watch and guard your treasure well.
If ye but close your eyes,—
Lulled by luxurious Siren singing
Into a fatal slumber and forgetting;

In eager haste for wealth and place
Heedless of woes to come and foul disgrace,
Blind to your country's home-bred foes that hide,
Lurking in ambush at your very side
While ye are sleeping or are busy getting,—
Some giant may arise,
Some emissary of the powers of Hell,—
A petty partisan at first,
Seized with ambition's quenchless thirst,—
And in an evil hour
Grasp at imperial power!

CXXV

Or dazzled by the wild extravagance
Of nature's rich exuberance,—
Storehouse of the Creator's vast reserve
Laid up our generations long to serve;
Its wealth of grain beyond all measure,
Its mines untold that gleam with treasure,
Food for the nations in distress,
Strength to defend the cause of right,
All that the heart of man could bless
Made glorious by freedom's light
On mountain-side and plain and lordly river
Beware, lest ye forget the bounteous Giver

And worship Mammon, bending low the knee;—
Your high ideals on his altar laid—
Nor blush for shame, nor in his service falter;
Things of the spirit cast into the shade,
Objects of sense a weightier matter made,
Forgetting Truth's eternal majesty;—
So shall ye fall from your once high estate,
The humbled victims of avenging fate,
Freedom disconsolate, the nations disappointed,
Democracy a myth, Hope mourning her anointed,
Tyrants rejoicing with unfeigned delight,
God's face averted from the hateful sight,
And over all the legend: Ichabod!
Ye cannot worship Mammon and serve God.

CXXVI

For despots on their thrones,—
Builded of dead men's bones
Cement with orphans' tears,
Gilded by force and stealth
With the people's hard-earned wealth,
Haunted by dungeon groans,
Curses and ghastly fears,—
May form a mighty league

By storm or dark intrigue
To strike a stunning blow
And Freedom overthrow;
Until before their gloating eyes,
Bound hand and foot, their hated rival lies!

CXXVII

Or swarming Asian hordes,
Led by their fierce war-lords—
Long schooled by the example of their Western brothers,
When strong enough, to seize the lands of others;
Lashed into fury by the depredations
Of cormorant fleets and predatory nations
Flocking from far around the Dragon; bent
On plunder snatched in his dismemberment;
Well taught, alas, in ruthless arts of death
By followers of the Man of Nazareth—
Awakened from their long millennial slumbers,
May like a huge, on-rushing tidal wave,
Crush and destroy us 'neath o'erwhelming numbers!

CXXVIII

In the titanic struggle yet to be
When right and light and human liberty
With powers of greed and tyranny engage
In mortal combat, final war to wage—
A world-wide struggle coming on apace
In many a waking land and longing race,—
My country, do thou make a valiant fight
And for the people's cause put forth thy might,
And may the Lord of Hosts who made thee free
Make thee, great guardian of liberty,
To lead the nations, marching in the van,
The fearless champion of the rights of man;
Arm thee with light, and with immortal fire
Thine altars keep aflame, thy heart inspire,
Lest commonweal be counted little worth
And Freedom, throttled, perish from the earth!

CXXIX

O sacred Freedom, man has loved thee long
And long for thee his precious blood has shed;
In this thy new-found home forever dwell;
Thyself an angel show, full-panoplied

Oppression to destroy, old wrongs to right,
The weak to guard and hopes untold fulfill;
Hopes of brave martyrs and of patriots gone
Who died rejoicing that thou couldst not die;
Hopes for the time to come, that brighter day
When thou shalt blessing bear to every land
Till men no more their fellows shall oppress,
Till everywhere the people rule supreme.

From struggling Cuba trampled in her blood;
From Greece where lo, Leonidas awakes,
Startled from sleep by the intolerable cry
Of Crete beleaguered by the Iscariot nations—
Europa, shameless, harloting with Islam—
Wakes once again to face o'erwhelming odds
And stir the sluggish pulses of the world;
From lone Armenia's massacre infernal,
Siberia's hopeless mines and dungeons drear,
From far off ocean-girdled Philippines,
Ground 'twixt the upper and the nether stone,
From sturdy Transvaal, battling for her life,
Blood of old Huguenot and Netherlander,
O Freedom, hear thy martyrs cry to thee!

The flying rumor of thy coming power
Affrights the tyrant hearing thy great name,
And glimmering hope lights many a wistful eye—
Forsake not thou the weak, nor pass them by!

CXXX

What means this woman's tears, these children's
cries?
What prostrate form before them bleeding lies?
'T is freedom's martyr, who his blood has shed
For liberty to earn his children bread!

What means this murmuring sound that fills the air,
Voices of anger, discontent, despair,
Misguided, crude, despised, misunderstood,
If not the waking sense of brotherhood?

And is there then no better way than this?
Must brotherhood be risked in war's abyss?

Ah comrades, let blind strife give way to peace;
Assail not Freedom, let this madness cease!

Force will not break the spirit of the free,
Ye cannot kill immortal Liberty;
The fires that sweep across the burning plain
Fresh verdure bring, as grows the grass again.

O Brother Christ, Yoke-Fellow of mankind,
Help us in Thy great love our way to find,
Help us in every creature dear to Thee,
Howe'er despised, a brother-man to see.

If we but held Thy Golden Rule supreme
For men and nations, soon wouldst Thou redeem
From maddening strife and toil our harried race,
Stilled by Thy soothing, reconciling face.

Upon the world's great longing then would rise
Such light as never broke in eastern skies;
As if mankind from long and troubled sleep
Woke to love's power undreamed, vast, ocean-deep.

Greed from his pitiless jaws would loose the world
And red Ambition's pirate flags be furled,
The lily and the rose make glad the waste
And men at last life's true elixir taste!

CXXXI

Ye winds of heaven, your wings are faint
  With bearing cries of the oppressed;
The ages weary of the plaint,
  Ah, who will hear and give them rest?

O Mother Earth, dost thou not feel
  The tears that rain-like on thee fall?
Hast thou no balm these hearts to heal,
  Canst thou not hear them vainly call?

O Skies, in pity stoop awhile,
  How smile ye so on such despair?
Thy joy, O Sun, may not beguile
  The quarry in the tiger's lair?

Forgotten of their fellow-men
  They find no helper in their need;
Their life a waste, their home a den,
  Victims of tyranny and greed,

They languish weary and forlorn
  In penury and sore distress;
They curse the day that they were born,
  Such fears appall, such woes oppress.

The wailing infant hushed and dead,
  The mother's heart with anguish numb,
The father's vengeful cry for bread,
  Appeal to Heaven, but Heaven is dumb.

And thinkest thou that God is dead
Who Israel out of Egypt led,
Who brought our fathers o'er the sea
And gave this land to Liberty,
Who out of bondage called the slave—
Thinkest thou these He cannot save?

The Lord with measured steps and slow
Doth onward through the ages go.
Listen! His footsteps now I hear;
Bruised hearts, your Helper draweth near.

CXXXII

A dreamer heard a warning voice declare:
"From bondage and from servile toil set free,
Man shall be free indeed; the plastic globe

Which he inhabits shall become his slave
And serve him well with forces yet unknown.
Earth's countless cataracts and ocean's tide
His yoke shall bear, his labors shall perform,
And from their tireless pulses shall stream forth
The lightnings, harnessed to obey his will.
Then unseen forces with resistless might
The groaning mill shall turn on every plain;
Like shuttles through the land his chariots urge;
Wild Winter, howling, from his hearthstone drive;
Cities illume and from each blazing hill
Flash their auroras on the wondering night;
Pierce earth's deep entrails through with searching ray
And show the unimagined treasure there.
Borne on the ethereal tide, lo, mirrored faces
Shall, speaking, smile or scowl their dark defiance.
And voices weird shall whisper through the air
From land to land, swift flying messengers,
Finding this earth too small, too circumscribed,
Reach out afar, beyond her narrow zones
And nothing daunted, hail the passing planets!

" But not for peace alone shall men be free;
Dread enginery of war shall they devise

Before whose hideous and unpitying storm
Of terror Jove's red thunderbolts would pale
And Neptune's ineffectual trident falter.
Forth from his flaming throat the monitor
Ten leagues hurls five and twenty hundredweight
Of steel, hurtling with grewsome cries and fierce
Valkyria-song through the torn, screaming air
Amain, pregnant with Death's dire progeny.
But while this bellowing monster of the deep
Shakes Ocean, frighting all his finny tribes,
Lo, that strange narwhal traversing the main,
Disporting now athwart the foaming crest,
Now forging silent 'neath the rolling billow,
Relentless follows his unheeding prey,
'Till rushing with ferocious snout he rends
The bowels of his mighty adversary
And, helpless in the ocean solitude,
Down, down the abyss ten thousand, gasping, swirl—
And in ten thousand homes a bitter cry!
(Art Thou so kindly, Death, thou need'st our aid ?)
Or see that floating crater lead the van,
Hell-gorged volcano spewing dynamite
Into the mine-sown harbor, ploughing deep
A pathway cleared for the invading fleets—

Tartarean furies pressing close behind—
To rain destruction on the beleaguered town.

"O, thought of terror! In a man's right hand,—
Held in the feeble fingers of a man,—
See that slight pencil of electric waves
Flow noiseless through the night more swift than
lightning,
Hunting those huge leviathans of war—
Of truer steel than rang on Vulcan's anvil
And with enormous armor belted round,
For devastation built, with thunders voiced—
Dread messenger of death, infernal ferret
Through massy bulwark and through ponderous
hull
Deep burrowing to the guarded magazine,
Defenceless from this finger of grim fate,
Till armament and men are swallowed up
With vast reverberation of the deep!

"And armies then afield shall silent stand
Immovable, transfixed, in rigid ranks
Arrested mid-career; uplifted feet,
Outstretchèd arms—Death's fearful pantomime!
Or mowed in sudden swaths as with a scythe,

Slain by electric currents on them turned
From silent, lightning-breathed artillery;
Or from earth-shaking dynamos evoked,
Downward shall stream by mystic forces driven,
Deep tremors through Earth's cavernous abyss,
Vast, viewless shafts with desolation barbed,
Rending with earthquake the antipodes!

" And men with joy shall cleave the buoyant air
By strange pneumatic enginery propelled—
Self-fed on life-blood of the atmosphere's
Exhaustless veins, to fluid power compressing
Titanic energies of storm and gale;—
Like swallows on the wing at close of day
In mazy flight and feeding as they fly
With many a curve and wheel for pure delight;
Or speed with flash of wingèd thought away—
Mocking the winds and beckoning them to follow,
As the swift arrow seeks the distant goal,
Or honey-freighted bee the murmuring hive.

" Yea, with vast love of speed inherited
From Him at whose command: 'LET THERE BE LIGHT,'
For His creative joy from night sprang forth

Arcturus, Centaur, Sirius, Pleiades—
Quadriga fiery-maned, whom only He
In rein could hold, fierce plunging through the void,
Sure guided as with flashing heel they spurn
The narrow confines of the firmament—
Shall man, impelled by innate force divine,
Grasp at sidereal velocity;—
Strange mark of likeness this 'twixt son and Sire!

"Men shall be drunk with the new wine of freedom;
Nations contending for supremacy
With squadrons flying in mid air shall fight,
At fortresses and armored navies laugh,
Scoff at Gibraltar's frowning battlements
Rain from the clouds on cities deadly hail,
Infernal bombs, with soporific damp
And foul infection's fatal microbes crammed,
Surcharged to burst and flood the sleeping town
With fumes and vapors, as Death's awful breath
Crept on the cohorts of Sennacherib;
Aërial fleets, armadas tempest-flown
Rush earth-ward, striking terror unawares,
As drops the halcyon, poised above the sea,
To grapple with his prey beneath the wave!

Then ancient barriers shall naught avail,
Defenceless from the harpies of the sky;
Nor any nation hold its borders safe
From swift invasion by the wingèd foe,
Dread vampire bandits of the trackless air
Who upon lonely dwellings from afar
Lighting, shall terrify the midnight hour.
None then may imposts lay nor customs levy
Upon the unfettered commerce of the world.
And men shall strive in ever deadlier strife,
Trample on law and scorn authority,
Nor brook restraint in aught of God or man,
Order despise and government defy
Till futile war itself must cry for peace
Or universal anarchy confront!"

CXXXIII

Hear the Creator to His children say:
"Fear ye no dreamer's evil prophecy.
Lo, I am God and even the wrath of man
Shall give me praise and the remainder I
Will when I please restrain, saith Love Almighty;
Yea, all the earth the meek shall yet inherit.
Evil is doomed, love only shall endure.

When strife exhausted is and license spent
And ye are satisfied that these are vain,
Then shall ye learn of me the law of love
And I alone will lead and make you free!
Of old I bade you conquer Earth, commanding
You to possess it, knitting land to land
Till the whole world together shall be welded
By love's eternal fires in Heaven first lit,
Bound in a universal brotherhood
Wherein the mighty shall defend the weak,
The strong unto the feeble minister,
And men and nations shall take up the cause
Of even the lowliest of the sons of men,
Nor any longer live for self alone,
Nor prey upon a neighbor's welfare, no,
Nor stoop to gain advantage with dishonor;
But humankind in love divine shall grow
Unto the stature of the Perfect Man,
Into the likeness of the Son of God
And Self at last with Him be crucified!"
(How faint, how faint the vision flits afar!)
"Then shall ye know how thin the shadowy veil
That I have hung 'twixt Earth and Heaven; how both
Matter and spirit I subservient make

Unto my ends, till matter own the spirit
Master and ye do send your thought afar
To do your will, even mountains to remove;
And do refresh the waste of barren lives,
And do confound intrenched iniquity
With spiritual forces like a tide
Rolling from hearts that heave with love's great
billows
Crested with marvels vast, new prodigies
Wrought by love's mystical telepathy,
Deep, nascent, psychic energies unknown,
High powers which ye, my children, shall inherit—
Led in the footsteps of the Son of Man—
When time is ripe that I should call them forth.
More potent these than armaments and war
What time my chosen moved with strong desire—
Swaying as grain before the Spirit's breath—
Focus their hearts upon each common foe
Quailing astounded at the Spirit's might.
So winds of summer, sweet with meadow-bloom,
Refresh the poison fen and stagnant pool
And sweep their pestilential breath away.
Then answering thought my guiding thought shall
follow
And I will show you greater things to come

For ye shall rule with me and shall command
Obedient, subtile forces that control
The mighty movements of the universe,
And I will satisfy your longing souls
And princes ye shall be, the sons of God.
For I will give you larger freedom far
Than mortal heart has ever dared conceive
In all its wildest dreams of liberty!"

CXXXIV

Lov'st thou the voice of ocean's breaking wave,
The spirit of the mountains, wild and free;
Hast thou a patriot's heart thy land to save,
And knowest thou no loftier liberty?

Dost thou not long to break the galling chain
That binds thee to a slave's dull, narrow life?
Dost thou not long to be a child again,
Free from life's bondage and unceasing strife?

If thou wouldst manhood's dream of freedom know,
And feel thyself indeed creation's heir,
Seek thou His liberty who loves thee so
That He thy burdens on His heart doth bear.

Seek thou the freedom of the Son of God,
Who came thy princely birthright to reveal;
Who bore the stroke of thine oppressor's rod;
Who died thy glorious liberty to seal!

His freedman, thou law's bondage may'st ignore
And to thyself a law supreme shalt be;
Thy fetters then forgetting to deplore,
Whate'er thy lot, thou shalt indeed be free!

CXXXV

Our hearts cry out for freedom, we would be
Unshackled, Mighty Parent, as Thou art;
But is the fearful price of freedom risk
Of utter loss and ruin, and must that
Dark shadow ever haunt her footsteps fair
With awful shapes of terror and despair?

CXXXVI

What then is freedom's limit, where its end—
This precious boon by Heaven bestowed on men,
This priceless right to every creature dear?
What in the last analysis but this:
Each power and faculty divinely given

In fullest scope to use and to enjoy,
Within the metes and bounds that God has set!
Has He full license given to erring men?
Would He bestow upon us unchecked power
Ourselves to ruin, His own work to spoil,
Himself to mock, His purpose to defeat?
Here is our limit, here our freedom ends—
Man may climb high but cannot God dethrone.
God is still Sovereign and His rule supreme.

CXXXVII

Above the clouds the soaring eagle mounts
High o'er his lofty home, but there must halt,
Though stout of heart he vainly, vainly beats
With baffled wing the thin and yielding air!

CXXXVIII

We who for boundless freedom strive are chained
With iron fetters to this flying sphere,
That rushes headlong, heedless of our cries.
Feeble we come from darkness into light
And swift to darkness flit away again;
We come when called, we go when summoned hence;

Free though we seem, yet are we firmly bound.
Hunger and penury, disease and death,
The wayward elements, the heat, the cold,
The storms and tempests of our earthly lot
Mark out the limits of our liberty.
Freedom is hedged with adamantine walls
We cannot climb, and cannot overthrow;
Upon them pass and re-pass sentinels
Divinely set to keep inviolate
The holy ground of God's prerogative!

CXXXIX

Wild storms across the ocean rage uncurbed
Till on the rockbound coast they rush amain
Where ancient, weather-beaten crags, unmoved
By all the tumult of the thundering sea,
Disdainful hurl the invading legions back
And mock the fury of the winds and waves.

CXL

In spite of all the ills of life,
The grinding toil, the rasping strife,
What mighty works of hand and pen
Have been achieved by mortal men
In spite of all, in spite of all!

Through long millenniums slowly past
His pyramids unshaken last,
Still witnessing 'mid shifting sands
The triumph of those withered hands
In spite of all, in spite of all!

Though crumbling ruin disappear
The immortal epic still I hear,
That, when this agèd world was young
In spite of all for me was sung,
In spite of all, in spite of all!

Though bound to earth with iron chains
The soul her prison-house disdains,
Essaying with audacious wing
Vast searchings for some deathless thing,
In spite of all, in spite of all!

CXLI

From the vexed shore I watched the storming main;
The trembling earth recoiled and shook again
As from the blows of some gigantic hand
That hurled the billows high upon the sand.
Rejoicing thought I: "Mighty though thou art,
Less mighty thou, O Sea, than man's brave heart.

" Thou canst not heave thy raging waves so high
But some proud keel thy fury will defy;
Thou hast no depths so gloomy or profound
Man with his daring plummet may not sound,
And while thy tempests and tornadoes roar
He whispers through the deep, from shore to
shore! "

CXLII

No petty bounds has God around us drawn
Nor will He close us in a narrow space;
Undaunted and unsatisfied, the soul
Of man cries out for other, larger worlds.
Not any world, nor all the worlds can sate
That quenchless thirst God only can appease,
That breath divine into his nostrils breathed
When the Almighty Parent gave him life.

CXLIII

I stood beneath the blazing dome of night;
My spirit shrank within me at the sight;
I was as nothing, yea, the earth was lost
In the still presence of that mighty host.

Yet heard I from the heavens a whisper fall;
" Rejoice, O man, thy Father made them all;
A child of God, thyself a god shalt be,
Heir of the riches of infinity!"

CXLIV

Free through our Father's kingdom shall we roam,
With treasure stored, against our coming home;
Explore the labyrinth of worlds on high,
Whose distant glory lights the midnight sky;
And He will lead us o'er the glittering plain
And show the wonders of His vast domain;
Show us the works that He for us had wrought
When we were living only in His thought.
There will He show us fields for nobler strife
And room for larger, ever larger life.
So measureless His wealth, so great His might
That He could give us each an orb of light,
A glorious world to rule, our own to call,
And He would have enough to spare for all!
Yet from the throne of His almighty power
He stoops to paint the tiny wayside flower;
In pity sees the little wounded bird
Whose death-cry by no other ear is heard;

And on the trusting child-heart, meek and pure,
His greater kingdom founds, forever to endure.

CXLV

Think not that love is feeble or supine,
Or yields to wrong, or would at ease recline;
Love is no sickly dotard bent with years,
No blushing maiden melting into tears.

Love is a mighty passion and a flame
No force can overpower, no conquest tame;
Love is all-strong to knit us man to man;
Ah, when will Earth consent to Heaven's plan ?

Unlike aught else in earth or sea or sky,
Love must itself impart or wilt and die;
Love grows by giving and is not content
Unless for its belovèd it is spent.

Love is an angel whose awakening light
Can rouse the darkest soul, sunk deep in night;
Sent to refresh mankind so long oppressed,
Love shall yet light the world, for love is best.

CXLVI

Lofty the patriot's love of Fatherland,
As on the battle-field with open arms
He rushes on the foe in fierce embrace,
And gathering to his heart a sheaf of spears,
Exulting cries: "Make way for liberty!"

CXLVII

Strong are the bonds of friendship firm and tried,
Soul answering soul in sweet communion true.
See friend for friend upon the scaffold mount,
Before the unsuspecting headsman kneel
And, life for life resigning with a smile,
Pay for his friend the last dread penalty!

CXLVIII

Royal the lover of his fellow-men
Whose heart with pity springs the weak to aid.
Though furious breakers wildly plunge and roar
The life-boat bears him to the shipwrecked crew,
Lashed to the frozen rigging in despair;
A succor to the helpless left alone
When from the stricken town the people fly

The pestilence, as leaves before the storm;
Moving among the wounded and the dead
Where pity's angels raise the Red Cross banner;
Self-exiled on the leper's lonely isle,
Content with them to dwell, with them to die,
If he may help them bear their hopeless lot;
A brother to the captive in his cell—
Sick and in prison and disconsolate—
Unknowing visits and consoles his Lord!

CXLIX

Ah, love and love alone at last will solve
All the vast, threatening questions that distract
Mankind; that fellow-men in strife array,
And the whole world with fierce contention rend.
Still keep your idle millions under arms—
Fed on the borrowed substance of the poor—
Still watch each other with keen jealousy,
Still slaughter thousands on the field of war,
Or strive with statesman's craft to arbitrate;
Thread the sly mazes of diplomacy,
Try communistic cures for every ill,
And when all fails at last for lack of love,
Try love—the mightiest of them all—and win!

CL

Tender affections at the hearthstone dwell,
Foregleams of heavenly bliss that hallow home.
O gentle sister, thy sweet ministry
Softens like angel's touch the couch of pain—
What purer love has earth to show than thine!—
Wondrous the marvel and the spell of love
That clothes the earth with new and tender light
Shed from the halo round the loved one's brow
And for the lover makes creation new!
O wedded love, how like the echoes fly
From heart to heart, unceasing to and fro,
The pain, the joy, the rapture evermore,
What magic this, of twain to make but one!

CLI

Stronger than death, or life, or death in life
The mother true recks not of ease or pain
So she may comfort and defend her child;
Sure refuge this, when other there is none.
O little arms that softly round her twine,
Cling with your tendrils to this sacred tree
That with perennial beauty ever blooms—
We need no further go Heaven's peace to find.

O father, living over early days
In boyish pastimes with thy first-born son,
Thou knowest whether love be strong or no.
O infant, smiling in thy father's arms,
Lone rescued waif from the wild storm of death
Engulfing mother, children, all save thee,
Soft on his stricken heart a blessing lie—
Night-blooming cereus in his midnight gloom—
At early dawn of thy dear life. What more
Of comfort for the past's dark mystery
Could Heaven bestow to keep him from despair?

CLII

The babe forlorn and motherless
She laid upon her heart love-starved and lone;
Her soul went forth in each caress,
Her wealth of love outpoured in every tone.

When smiled the Spring with blithesome lays
In flowery paths she led the little feet,
And in the dark and stormy days
Her fond, protecting arms made refuge sweet.

CLIII

Such noble gleams of love our life adorn—
So full of sordid care and hard routine—
Like precious jewels in an iron crown.
Behold the torch's flame, the patriot fires
That burn where myriad martyred heroes fell,
Lighting the path of Truth and Liberty;
Behold the golden net of friendship wove
From heart to heart, to earth's remotest bound;
Behold the mother-love exhaustless flowing
Where murmurous toilers with laborious drone,
'Mid their sole summer's bloom, ere soon they die
Garner rich stores to nourish young unborn;
In wild beast lair, in hole of creeping thing,
In tuneful nest whose joy o'erflows the wood,
In countless homes of men, or high or low,
Outpoured for helpless babes since time began;
All pure and holy love of man or maid,
Of father for his son, of prodigal
For his lost home, of kith for kin, of man
For fellow-man behold beneath the sun;
Yea, of blest spirits, of celestial hosts
That fill the heavens with love's sweet melody!
But what are these and all those untold powers

Of sacred love, save sparks from that great flame
That unconsumed, burns like a central sun
With light too strong for our dull mortal sight;
What but light ripples on that boundless sea
Whose waters wrap the globe in their embrace
And wash the shores of every distant isle;
What but faint pulses of the mighty stream
That flows forever from the heart of God
All worlds to bathe, all souls to animate!

CLIV

Ah Lord, I fain would sing Thy praise
    But feeble is my voice;
Yet when I dwell upon Thy love,
    How can I but rejoice?

I want no flickering candle flame
    To light my doubtful way;
I want Thy love, the mighty sun
    Whose glory fills the day.

Of all the splendors round Thy throne
    I see but scattered rays;
Yet these, imperfect though my sight,
    Have gladdened all my days.

When on Thy breast my head I lay
In Thy strong love secure,
I care not how the tempests rave,
They cannot long endure!

When my cold winter feels the glow
Of Thy resplendent beams,
Immortal spring within me wakes
And sunlight on me streams!

CLV

Do well thy part
With hand and heart,
Nor let dull care
Thy spirit wear;
And when thou feel'st how poor and weak thou art,
Lean thou thy head on God's almighty heart.
The fight is long,
The foe is strong;
Thy strength is small
And fears appall;
Fret not thyself to know how soon the strife will end,
For thou may'st safely leave it all to God thy Friend.

CLVI

But are not mind and matter under law ?
And is there not in sin a law that drags
Us step by step to lower, darker depths
Until we perish in the foul abyss ?

CLVII

He rules by law, His law is over all
Who first appointed day and night, Who set
The varied seasons in procession fair—
The hope of spring, the summer's life and joy,
The fruit of autumn and the winter's cold—
Who gave a restless longing to the tide
That follows the bright moon from shore to shore,
Led by the witching spell of her fair face.

CLVIII

Well I recall the night
Of that rare summer day !
A tender rosy light
Caressed the rippling bay ;

The sunset glory fell
Athwart heaven's arches high,
Till like a vast sea-shell
Transfigured rose the sky.

Down from the opal height
A pearl shone on the deep ;
Hung on the breast of Night
To grace her balmy sleep.

The moonbeams on the sea
A flood of glory came
From the fair moon to me
Where'er I turned, the same !

Why should the Queen of Night
Reach out her silver wand
And lay a path of light
To me upon the sand ?

Would she her secret show ?
Am I her chosen one ?
Why follow where I go ?
Am I heaven's favored son ?

Fool, on whatever distant strand
The moon this night a man shall meet,
To him she points her mystic wand
And lays a pathway to his feet.
There's light and love in Heaven's rich store
For every man, on every shore!

CLIX

The cyclone and tornado that we fear
Are but the eddies of the constant winds,
Those currents vast, those great aërial tides
That flow by God's command from zone to zone,
Laden with blessing for the thirsty land.
By His great power all forces interchange,
One universal force of many forms,
Even of one substance all the elements
That build the solid earth and all thereon,
Emblem and effluence of His unity.
By His deep thought the electric current runs
To move a million wheels at man's behest,
From motion unto heat, from heat to light—
Fierce heat of tropic suns ere man appeared;
Light born of light of long primeval days,
Deep hidden till man's need should call it forth

From sunless caverns, black with ancient gloom.
At His command the elements, in haste,
Each with its own affinity, combine
In countless forms of order and of grace:
The smooth-cut crystal and the spiral shell;
Bird plumage and the blushing flower of spring,
The tinted autumn leaf, the snowy wreath,
He to each atom gives relentless law!

CLX

God rules by law, but law can never bind
His sovereign power, or to His will set bounds
Who made the worlds and called us from the dust.
He has no master, law is not His lord,
'Tis but the record of His way, the path
Made by His footsteps through the universe.
Untrammelled and alone His way He takes—
And who shall say His path He may not choose?—
While Nature with her wondrous processes
And inarticulate speech in myriad tongues—
Unutterable longings—strives in vain
Her homage to her august Ruler to proclaim.

CLXI

He whose slow movements look to our dull eyes—
Which cannot see beyond this transient phase
In the vast cycles of Creative Thought—
Like changeless laws, inexorably fixed,
Sole Legislator is, the Primal Cause
Of all the stately order of the world ;
Sole Legislator and Executive.

CLXII

He who created heavenly orbs to roll
In paths, marked out by His almighty hand,
That will not let them swerve from age to age;
Who moves the hearts of men to will and do—
While mind, unknowing, follows His deep law—
By law He rules, but of it all the soul,
The reason, motive, aim and end is love;
For man's eternal good His laws were made—
To save one soul He would annul them all!

CLXIII

He who each atom guards so jealously
That in great Nature's ever changing forms

No particle is lost, no waste is made
Of her stupendous energy, who hears
The hungry raven's cry for food, who sees
Each little sparrow as it falls, who clothes
The lilies of the field in regal hues;
Will surely never let a precious soul—
Breath of His breath, life of His life—drift off
Into eternal night beyond His reach,
In self-wrought ruin wrecked, an utter loss;
Will not permit the will of man to thwart
His will supreme, nor let another sit
Upon His throne, and the dark powers of Hell
And anarchy usurp His government.

CLXIV

'T is but a spectral phantom of the night;
There is no room for two, God filleth all.
Evil is not God's rival, 't is his slave
Who yet shall serve Him, though he now rebel.
Fear not, Almighty Love is at the helm!

CLXV

We may be fellow-laborers with God,
But 't is of grace He lets us work with Him,

That of His joy a foretaste we may know.
Slight need has He that any human hand
Should steady, with presumptuous touch, the Ark—
The golden Ark that bears man's destiny—
Upon its journey toward His Holy Place
Whither, in serried ranks, the generations march!

CLXVI

God is a Spirit; they that worship Him
Must worship Him in spirit and in truth.
Nor dwelleth He in temples made with hands;
God is a Spirit; He enfolds the world
In His embrace as flows the atmosphere
Around the earth, submerging all thereon
In viewless waves. In Him we live and move
As in the all-pervading air. In Him
We have our being and He is not far
From every one of us; more intimate,
More necessary than the air we breathe.
And of one blood all nations hath He made,
Whose times, whose habitations and whose bounds
He hath before determined and appointed—
Mankind the offspring of Almighty God!
Nor is He only here in our small world;

If we on eagle wings of thought ascend
The ethereal heights of heaven, awe-stricken, lost
Amid the mighty maze, lo, God is there
And like the subtile ether bathes all worlds,
O'erflowing boundless interstellar voids.
If fleeing Him we make our bed in Hell,
There too is God; even there through all the gloom
His sunrise breaks to herald coming day!
We have no measure for Him, time is naught
And space too small, our thought He doth elude;
When we would give Him highest praise and call
Him Light and Love, we stumble in our night,
Lisping faint echoes only of His name.

CLXVII

Of Him and to and through Him all things are;
He fills the earth, the sea, the air with forms
In number infinite, a countless host;
He from His treasury with generous hand
His boundless riches scatters far and wide;
He peoples ocean deeps and forest wilds
The solitude and busy haunts of men
With teeming life in vast profusion poured
From His exhaustless fount in swelling floods

From year to year, great Source and Goal of Life!
Endless diversity, each life a thought
Of God, unique, incarnate thought divine.
How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O God!
How great the sum of them! If I should count,
Behold, they are more in number than the sand!
Vast evolution of revolving worlds,
Endless procession of the centuries,
The rise and fall of races and of empires,
All men, all things, all movements, all events
Show forth the varied phases of His thought—
At one in the vast sweep of His design—
All tributary to the stream that flows
From age to age His purpose to fulfil.
To us that stream meanders, sluggish, slow,
With many an eddying pool and backward turn;
To His clear sight, through His unwasting years,
To swell the waters of Unfathomed Love,
A mighty river rushes to the sea,
Sprung from the depths of His majestic unity!

CLXVIII

'T is but His hand that doth encompass us.
Hid in the hollow of that fostering palm,

Like precious pearls the glowing planets lie,
And with them burning suns as diamonds flash.
These from His hand let slip roll forth to shine
In starry halo circling round His head,
And like a garment wove of light down-sweeping—
Rich fiery gems inwrought with regal splendor—
Veiling with light the Light Ineffable,
Forth from His feet they flow, a mystic stream—
Each glistening drop a sun, each wave a system—
Spray-dust of worlds tost by the mighty current,
River of Life, resistless and sublime,
Voices of many waters uttering praise!

CLXIX

O Love Supreme, wilt Thou not speak
In tones that we can understand,
And lead us by Thy guiding hand?
Unaided, Thee we vainly seek.

CLXX

Rend Thou the heavens and hasten down,
Bring light where lowers Fate's darksome frown,

Show man the heights from whence he came,
Confuse his evil thoughts with shame.
Unveil Thy face in dazzling splendor hid,
  O Thou whom all the happy heavens adore,
Come dwell the sufferers of earth amid,
  Come heal the hearts of men with travail sore.
Almighty One, draw nearer to our race
And by some new disclosure of Thy grace
Reveal to troubled man Thine unknown face!

CLXXI

He for us men, to share our toil and pain
And grief and lead us to immortal joy,
Dwelt in our flesh that we might see His face;
And that dread face on which no mortal man
Could look and live, before whose searching light
The earth and heaven fled and there was found
No place for them, that face, veiled in our flesh,
Veiled as the sun's fierce splendor in the moon,
The moonlight in the placid ocean's gleam,
So full of grace and help and brotherhood,
Shall draw us to Himself until all men
In every clime, shall seek and find their Lord.

CLXXII

How strong art Thou, great Son of God?
  Canst Thou bid sin's wild tumult cease?
Canst Thou destroy oppression's rod
  And lead the nations forth in peace?

Great Son of God, art Thou so strong
  That we may safely cling to Thee
Assured, though troubles round us throng,
  Thy triumph we at last shall see?

Great Son of God, art Thou so strong
  Thou over all wilt Victor be,
Leading behind Thee Death and Wrong,
  Spoils of Thy mighty victory?

Canst Thou with life's dark evils cope?
  Dost Thou our fears and sorrows know?
Canst Thou fulfil immortal hope;
  Or must we to some other go?

To whom, to whom then shall we turn?
  Whose hand shall point our homeward way?

What other friendly beacons burn
With light to guide us to the day?

Thou who the wrath of man didst bear
And meekly his reviling took;
Who would his pain and sorrow share
When cruel he his Friend forsook,
Tell me what wondrous recompense Thy love will give
To one who would not suffer Thee with him to live!

CLXXIII

O Desire of every nation,
Canst Thou lead me to the goal?
Hast Thou truth's clear revelation?
Hast Thou quiet for my soul?

For Thy rest my heart is yearning,
Make my peace and joy complete;
Meekly of my Teacher learning,
See me waiting at Thy feet.

Mighty Saviour, Elder Brother,
Draw me nearer, nearer Thee;

Be my Guide, I have no other,
Lead to perfect liberty.

Give me of Thy heavenly treasure,
Let me Thy great glory see,
Heir of triumph without measure,
Show Thy way to victory!

CLXXIV

Is it a mighty, rushing wind
Whose hurried breath I feel?
Do echoes of the thunder deep
Roll nearer, peal on peal?
The Spirit of Almighty God
I thought, swept quickly by;
Great Messenger of Love to man
With blessings from on high.

The serried hosts of Heaven are hushed
In awe, with one accord
They all expectant wait to hear
The answer of their Lord,
That with a greater joy makes glad
The realms of heavenly bliss

And lights with gracious hope's bright dawn
Earth's sorrow, sin's abyss!

CLXXV

And then upon my ear there fell a Voice
So full of sympathy it seemed to bear
The woes of all the ages in its heart.
About the Voice of Majesty there clung
And blossomed tones of infinite desire,
Sweeter than if all voices that I love
In one loved song their tendrils intertwined,
Yet strong to bear the weight of sin, of grief
Yea, the stupendous burden of the world.
Breathless I heard, and hung upon that Voice
As clings the trembling vine upon the oak
That wrestles with the whirlwind and the night.

CLXXVI

"Crucified in shame and anguish,
Left in mortal pain to languish,
Broken-hearted and alone;
Powers of evil overtook me,
God Himself, I thought, forsook me,
Darkness gathered round His throne.

"Then, like billows o'er me breaking,
While the earth with fear was shaking,
All the sorrows of the world
Filled my heart to overflowing;
And the tempest, fiercely blowing,
On my head its fury hurled.

"In the darkness round me fluttered
Frightful forms that wildly uttered
Cries that smote me with dismay;
Cries from all the world, bewailing
Every woe mankind assailing,
Rose from out the vast array.

"Cries of scorn my love denying,
Cries of hate my love defying,
Cries of terror, loss and pain;
Man his brother man tormenting,
Crafty malice unrelenting,
Captives galled with slavery's chain.

"Ignorance and degradation,
Darkness veiling every nation,
With a hideous night-wove shroud;
Grovelling shapes of superstition
Hostile to my heavenly mission,
Hissing imprecations loud.

"Might o'er right and truth prevailing,
Brutal force the weak assailing,
Who for mercy beg in vain;
Base assassins darkly creeping
On unconscious victims, sleeping
Nevermore to wake again.

"Widowed hearts in anguish crying
For their lost ones, dead or dying
Where no human help can save;
Empty arms their darlings missing,
Mothers their dead infants kissing
Ere they give them to the grave.

"Outcast, desolate, neglected,
Fatherless and unprotected,
Homeless children vainly plead;
None my little ones to cherish,
Sold in dens of shame to perish,
Ruined by inhuman greed.

"Vampire Greed, insatiate, strangling,
In its loathsome wings entangling,
Slowly smothering, young and old;
On the poor and helpless battening,
On the blood of infants fattening,
Slain to sate its lust for gold.

"Nations bought and sold like cattle,
Horrors of the siege and battle
Counted naught, so Greed may live;
Manhood crushed and Freedom harried,
Virtue to Oppression married,
Forced her hand for gold to give.

"War, the wide world desolating,
Home and honor desecrating,
Fierce ambition's tyranny;
Women's tears in terror flowing,
Helpless babes no mercy knowing,
Massacre and infamy.

"Ruthless hands with slaughter reeking,
Ravished Night aghast and shrieking,
Lurid flames athwart the sky;
'Neath the sword my people sinking,
Loathing Earth their life-blood drinking,
Loud and long their bitter cry!

"Plague and Famine, grimly stalking,
Hand in hand together walking
Like twin spectres through the lands;
Stricken men like dead leaves falling,
Loud for bread, for succor calling,
Reaching out weak, helpless hands.

"Sotted men, by man's temptation
Lured to lower degradation
Till they grovel in the mire;
By the still's dread serpent bitten,
With infernal frenzy smitten,
Every vein aflame with fire!

"Sin, a silver voice alluring,
New delights and joys assuring,
Gay with gladsome revelry;
With her harlot-smile essaying
Man to conquer, while betraying
With beguiling devilry.

"Sin, a stealthy serpent hiding,
In low ambush lurking, gliding
On the unsuspecting prey;
In whose tightening folds entangled,
Vitals crushed and carcass mangled,
Courage, hope and life give way.

"Sin, a sore disease attacking,—
With slow mutilation racking—
Man's divinely moulded shape;
Limb by limb its poison blighting,
Man its dread advances fighting,
Dazed and hopeless of escape.

"Sin, a ravening monster prowling,
For new victims ever howling,—
What foul demon gave it birth!—
Sin, a whelming flood o'erflowing
Every bulwark, wildly strewing
Wreck and ruin through the earth!

"Sin's mad folly unrepented,
Men by sin and woe demented,
Reason driven from her throne;
All the world sin-sick and dying,
Man his Maker's will defying
Who shall man with God atone?

"Sent to carry consolation
To mine own down-trodden nation
  Whom in tender love I sought;
Promised long and long expected,
Spit upon, despised, rejected,
  All my travail set at nought!

"Crowned a king with ribald mocking,
Dragged through crowds like vultures flocking,
  Doomed with sinners to be slain;
Love's supremest revelation,
Love's full reconciliation,
  Spurned by Gentiles with disdain.

"Deeper than the thorn's incision
Sank the mocking crowd's derision
  And the scoffer's fiery dart;
Fiercer than the rough nails crushing
Through my flesh, upon me rushing
  Cruel hatred pierced my heart.

"For the world my blood was flowing,
Love to all the ages showing,
For the world and nothing less;
Should my love be thus defeated,
Should my work be ne'er completed,
Should my sorrows fail to bless?

"Crushed by sin, for sinners bleeding,
Hopeless love for sinners pleading
Met man's last great enemy;
Torn by grief, o'ercome by wonder,
By my passion rent asunder,
Broke my heart in agony.

"Why, my God, hast Thou forsaken
And Thy succor from me taken;
Why in darkness hid Thy face?—
Then from glory swift descending
And in pity o'er me bending,
Love Almighty sought me there;
Clasped me close, death-stricken, shrinking,
All my senses fainting, sinking
In the stupor of despair;

And at once I was victorious,
Strengthened by a vision glorious;
 Vision of triumphant grace!

" 'Thou all nations shalt inherit,'
Spake the Comforter, the Spirit,
 'And Thou shalt not die in vain.
Precious seed Thy blood shall nourish,
Till o'er all the earth shall flourish
 Harvests ripe with golden grain.

" 'When Thy travail shall be over,
Thou, man's changeless Friend and Lover,
 Shalt be fully satisfied.
Nevermore shall aught defeat Thee,
God in glory soon shall greet Thee,
 Thee His Son, so sorely tried!'

" Then, ah, then my sorrows ended,
As to God my cry ascended:
 'It is finished,' and I died.

And a pang of consternation
And a trembling seized creation,
  Palpitating deep and wide!
And Sin fled in trepidation,
  As Death sheathed his sword and cried :

" ' I surrender, Galilean;
Though I smote Thee sore, Thy pæan
  Soon with joy shall fill the skies.
Thou art Master, more than mortal.
Though, betrayed, to me they sold Thee,
  I, defeated, shall behold Thee
Through my stronghold's broken portal
  Lord of Life and Death arise! '

" From afar, with malediction,
Sin beheld my crucifixion,
  Read therein impending doom,
Fled with muttered imprecations,
Sowing discord through the nations,
  Breeding terror, blight and gloom.

"Cup of sorrows fiercely blended,
In my Father's hand extended,
Deep in mortal anguish sunken,
I the bitter dregs have drunken
Man to lead to God his Home;
Day of shame, with terror crowded,
Day of dread, in darkness shrouded,
There obedient love and meekness
Found, through seeming loss and weakness
Found for man love's hidden treasure,
Love's deep mystery did measure;
Love's full stream no limits knowing,
From my cross forever flowing,
Prayer of all the ages granting,
Deathless seed of promise planting,
I the world have overcome!

"Long the conflict will be raging,
Powers of Heaven and Earth engaging,
But the end is fixed and sure;
Powers of evil in alliance,
Hurl at me their fierce defiance,
But my kingdom shall endure.

"I upon my heart have taken
All the world with conflict shaken,
Hurt by sin, by grief oppressed;
Ye who heavy burdens carry,
Come, I love you, do not tarry,
Come and I will give you rest.

"All the hosts that never knew me,
E'en the foes that mocked and slew me,
I will draw all men to me;
Men and spirits in commotion,—
Like the tide-swept, moon-led ocean,—
Drawn by love to Calvary.

"I to Hades have descended
And the imprisoned souls befriended,
Bearing hope of liberty;
There my right as Victor claiming,
Wrath and sin and terror taming—
Hades—moved—shall flee to me.

"Every fetter shall be broken;
In my cross behold the token
And the pledge of liberty;
I will banish all oppression
Till, throughout my vast possession
Every creature shall be free.

"Sin its victims shall surrender,
I will be their strong defender,
I my healing will impart;
Cruel death no more shall sever,
Sorrow's reign shall cease forever,
I will comfort every heart.

"Death, once like a despot seated,
I have challenged and defeated,
Overturned the tyrant's throne;
And the shadow has been lifted,
Clouds of night with glory rifted,—
In thick darkness light is sown.

"Lo, the light of hope is breaking,
Myriads from their slumber waking,
It shall cheer all souls at last;
Hope unfailing, never ending,
Light into the darkness sending,
Till the troubled night is past.

"Then my peace forever flowing,
Like the south wind softly blowing,
Calling forth the joy of spring;
To all hearts with conflict weary,
Worn with care and labors dreary,
Everlasting rest shall bring.

"Offspring of celestial fountains
In the everlasting mountains,
Truth shall flow, a gladdening stream;
With its flood of living waters
To refresh earth's sons and daughters
And from Error's rule redeem.

"Then transcendent in her beauty,
Faithful long to love and duty,
I shall clasp my Church, my Bride!
Then the lone and disappointed,
Sought for by the Lord's Anointed,
Shall at last be satisfied.

"Then unto my Father bringing
All His children, glad and singing,
They His glorious face shall see;
In love-marshalled hosts before Him
All the nations shall adore Him,
Strong in life and liberty.

"Let this vision ever cheer thee,
Tell the nations, let them hear thee,
Every soul to me is dear;
Tell to all mankind the story—
Wouldst thou haste the coming glory,
Bear good tidings far and near.

"Bear my word to every creature;
I will be thy Guide and Teacher,
Keeping ever at thy side;
Let no doubt thy faith diminish,
I my work will surely finish,
Bid thy heart my time abide.

"See the waiting hosts that need thee,
Come, Belovèd, I will lead thee,
Love is conquering the world;
Give thyself, thyself unheeding,
For thy brother toiling, bleeding
Where my banner is unfurled.

"Have thou courage, do not falter,
God his purpose will not alter,
Let thy heart be undismayed;
Death from his pale horse unseated,
Hell destroyed and sin defeated,
Love triumphant, joy completed,
God by all shall be obeyed!"

CLXXVII

Like organ tones that with majestic roll
And deep reverberation stir the soul,
The listener's weary heart with rapture fill,
Until with heavenly peace its pulses thrill;
That lift the thoughts above the sordid strife
And call to loftier, fairer, holier life,—
That voice through all my being surged and swelled
And restless doubt and fear forever quelled.
The very air was tremulous with joy,
No anxious thoughts could vex, no cares annoy;
And when the last sweet strains had died away
The heavens and earth were bright with coming day.
Deep in my heart responsive echoes rang,
And glad with grateful praises, softly sang.

CLXXVIII

Lord of my waiting soul, Thou Saviour dear,
Why should I longer doubt, what shall I fear?
Come dwell with me, forever be my guest,
That I may share Thy toil and know Thy rest.
Thou showest me a foregleam of the day,
To cheer my drooping heart and light my way.
Even though the pàth I cannot plainly see,
Through the drear wilderness I follow Thee.
Thou every erring step wilt guide aright
Till night is gone and I behold the light!

CLXXIX

And then a sound of triumph I could hear
Ring through the air around me far and near,
As if from Earth's vast multitudes a cry
Of joy arose and rent the echoing sky;
Innumerable voices from above
Hailing the victory of Almighty Love;
Voices of loved and lost ones gone before,
Of countless hosts that walk the earth no more,
Of spirits shining with celestial light,
Angels of God, archangels clothed with might;

Chanting the praises of their risen Lord,
Worthy by Heaven and Earth to be adored—

CLXXX

Slain by the Son of God All-glorious
Over our ancient foes victorious,
Evil shall die and man at last be free,
Crowned with the joy of his high destiny.
Then shall the mighty outspread arms of Love,
Down-reaching from our Father's home above,
Embrace a universe redeemed from sin
And gather all His long-lost children in.
To unimagined heights of glory led,
To unknown powers attaining, like our Head,
Like Him mankind at one with God shall be,
God all in all, oh wondrous unity!
Forever then shall darkness flee away
Before the glories of triumphant day;
Storm shall be past and every discord cease
And man shall walk with God in endless peace.

EPILOGUE

Ah, why prolong
My futile song
  Amid the maze
  Of Heaven's high praise?
    Why vainly strive to hymn
    Where fail e'en cherubim;
      Or further seek to show
      Things mortal may not know?
  Yet nearer move, O perfect day;
  Extend, O Christ, Thy blessèd sway;
    And when these faltering lips are dust
    Some sweeter singer shall, I trust,
With eyes aglow, facing the Morning Star,
Awe-thrilled at sight of the Dayspring's triumph-
    car,
Stress of Thy weary travail near its close,
Might of Thy love disarming all Thy foes,

The din of battle stilled, the ages ripe
Through struggles vast, approaching Thy fair type,
Shall with strange music never heard before,
Sweeter than bird-song, deeper than ocean's roar,
With heart aflame, swept by seraphic fire,
With hands that flying thrill the ecstatic wire,
In loftier, raptured measures praising Thee,
Herald Thy universal victory !

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

STROPHE		PAGE
I.	—Loud storms the tempest, heaven is black with rage	1
II.	—What is this that sits beside me!	2
III.	—O grisly phantom of a man	3
IV.	—Why shrink away from this grim skeleton?	6
V.	—With tension strong this framework of a man	6
VI.	—See where the swelling muscles next were placed	7
VII.	— Through every part A labyrinthic network winds, like some	7
VIII.	— The whole with art divine Is rounded to the matchless form of man	8
IX.	—Ah, who can tell the marvels of the eye	8
X.	— Hark how the song of birds, The merry laughter or the cry of pain	9
XI.	—Here sounds the voice, that peerless instrument	9
XII.	—High over all, the brain, thought's mighty vassal	10
XIII.	—Before such lavish beauty of design	10
XIV.	—New wonders crowding thick on every side	11
XV.	—They judge not rightly who, the husk earth-stained	12
XVI.	—What man soe'er I chance to see	12
XVII.	—Hold back thy hand	15
XVIII.	—Suppose a kindly word of mine	18
XIX.	—See where the sun, in fiery splendor sinking	19

STROPHE PAGE

XX.—How dream-like and unstable is the form . 20
XXI.—'T is certain thou must die, and even now . 21
XXII.—Why dost thou drive me so, insatiate one? . 22
XXIII.—The savage bending o'er a pool . . . 23
XXIV.—A tomb was built of massive stones . . 25
XXV.—Hid in the chrysalis, this grovelling worm . 27
XXVI.—I sought a lake among the peaceful hills . 27
XXVII.—Within the egg, with deftly folded wing . 28
XXVIII.—Do you remember, Love, the day . . 29
XXIX.—Along the beach dead shells lie strewn, cast off 30
XXX.—As once I strolled beside the sun-lit sea . 30
XXXI.—Low hung the sky, and gray and chill . 31
XXXII.—Lo, the great earth itself with gradual change 32
XXXIII.—O Mother Earth, who dost our spirits clothe 33
XXXIV.—See, in that rock-hewn garden sepulchre . 35
XXXV.—Emancipator of the slaves of fear . . 36
XXXVI.—Hail Victor, First-born from the dead! . 40
XXXVII.—What powers now vaguely felt with longing deep 41
XXXVIII.—Wait, my Belovèd, wait 42
XXXIX.—Was it an answer to my cry 43
XL.—From some commanding height that rears its crest 44
XLI.—Did early hope 45
XLII.—Shall we not see life's mystery made plain . 45
XLIII.—Sleep, child of my love, Mother watches thy slumber 46
XLIV.—How tenderly doth mother-love embrace . 47
XLV.—What splendors on my soul will break . 47
XLVI.—Soul, in thy Father's home the skies are fair 49
XLVII.—What joy to know the great of centuries past 49
XLVIII.—No more these warriors lead their fellow-men 50

STROPHE PAGE

XLIX.—And these who scoffed at Heaven and holy things 50
L.—No more these sages in their nightly watch . 51
LI.—These dauntless souls who, loyal to their Lord 51
LII.—Lovers of truth and man no more despair . 52
LIII.—And these who in each soul, howe'er defiled . 52
LIV.—No more with patient toil these scholars trace 52
LV.—And these rapt lovers of the Heart of Things . 53
LVI.—These others who, though lowly, still were true 54
LVII.—Ah, not in slothful ease shall we recline . 55
LVIII.—It may be God has some far-reaching plan . 56
LIX.—What forms now dimly seen, what symphonies 58
LX.—Dewdrops twinkling in the sun 59
LXI.—Softly a summer breeze begins to blow . . 60
LXII.—What raptured chords like floating incense rise 61
LXIII.—What joy for us, with evil once oppressed . 62
LXIV.—These come in haste, as flies the eager dove . 62
LXV.—These grope in darkness with dull, blinded eyes 62
LXVI.—These, footsore and with travel worn, retrace . 63
LXVII.—Behold this vast, innumerable host . . . 63
LXVIII.—Love is the Lord of Life, whose rhythmic breath 64
LXIX.—No murky Styx, no poison river pours . . 65
LXX.—No little rivulet is this, confined . . . 66
LXXI.—Blest city, fairer than a blissful dream . . 66
LXXII.—And as I think upon that mystic flood . . 67
LXXIII.—O Christ, have our poor feeble minds conceived 67
LXXIV.—Have we not read that Thou one day will sit 68

STROPHE		PAGE
LXXV.	—How have these words of fear from age to age	68
LXXVI.	—When from the language of the Orient .	69
LXXVII.	—How many souls indignant at this tale .	69
LXXVIII.	—Men in their hearts despise this Mighty One	69
LXXIX.	—How long, how long shall Terror sit enthroned	70
LXXX.	—Didst Thou not rather say that ere the last .	70
LXXXI.	—Thou Patient One, how must Thou grieve to see	72
LXXXII.	—O gentle Shepherd, Thou didst tell of one .	72
LXXXIII.	— O Christ, If God is Love and Light and if in Him .	74
LXXXIV.	—Thou didst call God our Father, whose great heart	74
LXXXV.	—Our Father! When the Son of God went forth	74
LXXXVI.	—Though man forget from whence he came .	76
LXXXVII.	—How art thou satisfied with husks and swine	79
LXXXVIII.	—Once did my father's strong and tender hand	80
LXXXIX.	—But we have read of that dread sin that no .	80
XC.	—Have thou no part nor lot in such a thought	81
XCI.	—What phrase is this that holds us thus enthralled	82
XCII.	—How have we stumbled at these fearful words	82
XCIII.	—Nay, Thou didst utter hot, indignant words	83
XCIV.	—How fierce the righteous wrath of love! Behold	84
XCV.	—No sterner, fiercer words, O Christ, e'er fell	84

STROPHE PAGE

XCVI.—Though men blaspheme the God who speaks to them 85
XCVII.—The man who conscience stifles, who calls right 85
XCVIII.—O Christ, defend us all in this our day . . 86
XCIX.—Thou art Incarnate Love, and when that Love 87
C.—To every cold or troubled heart 87
CI.—Didst Thou not also say: "I am the Door"? . 88
CII.—But canst Thou draw men thus? How slow our hearts 90
CIII.—I did not ask for life. By God's decree . 90
CIV.— Alas,
Sin may deceive and we afar may stray . 92
CV.—Would God our Father wake us from our sleep 92
CVI.—Would God our Father scatter living souls . 93
CVII.—Whither upon this strange and changeful sea . 94
CVIII.—If any single soul shall drift in woe . . 95
CIX.—Ah, never sank a sinning soul so low . . 95
CX.—Oft have I heard, upon the night-wind borne . 96
CXI.—If man can tame the fierce and ruthless beast . 97
CXII.—If man can find a way to reach the dark . 98
CXIII.—If when the tree is withered, parched, and dead 98
CXIV.—O Thou whose name is Love, dost Thou not long 98
CXV.—O Thou that from eternity 99
CXVI.—Why should we doubt Thy power? Shall the unseen 100
CXVII.—Shall the majestic sun that rules the heavens . 100
CXVIII.—But must we ever follow, never lead? . . 102
CXIX.—Spirit of freedom, thou dost love the sea . 102
CXX.—Thou dost delight in every mountain-side . 103
CXXI.—Whence hast thou thy courage, brown thrush, brown thrush? 103

STROPHE	PAGE
CXXII.—Author and God of freedom, Thou dost plant	105
CXXIII.—By love of freedom led	106
CXXIV.—Be not too sure	110
CXXV.—Or dazzled by the wild extravagance .	111
CXXVI.—For despots on their thrones . . .	112
CXXVII.—Or swarming Asian hordes . . .	113
CXXVIII.—In the titanic struggle yet to be . .	114
CXXIX.—O sacred Freedom, man has loved thee long	114
CXXX.—What means this murmuring sound that fills the air	116
CXXXI.—Ye winds of heaven, your wings are faint,	118
CXXXII.—A dreamer heard a warning voice declare,	119
CXXXIII.—Hear the Creator to His children say .	125
CXXXIV.—Lov'st thou the voice of ocean's breaking wave	128
CXXXV.—Our hearts cry out for freedom, we would be	129
CXXXVI.—What then is freedom's limit, where its end	129
CXXXVII.—Above the clouds the soaring eagle mounts,	130
CXXXVIII.—We who for boundless freedom strive are chained	130
CXXXIX.—Wild storms across the ocean rage uncurbed	131
CXL.—In spite of all the ills of life . . .	131
CXLI.—From the vexed shore I watched the storming main	132
CXLII.—No petty bounds has God around us drawn	133
CXLIII.—I stood beneath the blazing dome of night . . . , ...	133
CXLIV.—Free through our Father's kingdom shall we roam	134

STROPHE PAGE

CXLV.—Think not that love is feeble or supine . 135
CXLVI.—Lofty the patriot's love of Fatherland . 136
CXLVII.—Strong are the bonds of friendship firm and tried 136
CXLVIII.—Royal the lover of his fellow-men . . 136
CXLIX.—Ah, love and love alone at last will solve . 137
CL.—Tender affections at the hearthstone dwell, 138
CLI.—Stronger than death, or life, or death in life 138
CLII.—The babe forlorn and motherless . . 139
CLIII.—Such noble gleams of love our life adorn . 140
CLIV.—Ah, Lord, I fain would sing Thy praise . 141
CLV.—Do well thy part 142
CLVI.—But are not mind and matter under law? . 143
CLVII.—He rules by law, His law is over all . . 143
CLVIII.—Well I recall the night 143
CLIX.—The cyclone and tornado that we fear . 145
CLX.—God rules by law, but law can never bind . 146
CLXI.—He whose slow movements look to our dull eyes 147
CLXII.—He who created heavenly orbs to roll . 147
CLXIII.—He who each atom guards so jealously . 147
CLXIV.—'T is but a spectral phantom of the night . 148
CLXV.—We may be fellow-laborers with God . 148
CLXVI.—God is a Spirit; they that worship Him . 149
CLXVII.—Of Him and to and through Him all things are 150
CLXVIII.—'T is but His hand that doth encompass us. 151
CLXIX.—O Love Supreme, wilt Thou not speak . 152
CLXX.—Rend Thou the heavens and hasten down . 152
CLXXI.—He for us men, to share our toil and pain . 153
CLXXII.—How strong art Thou, great Son of God . 154
CLXXIII.—O Desire of every nation 155
CLXXIV.—Is it a mighty, rushing wind . . . 156
CLXXV.—And then upon my ear there fell a voice . 157

STROPHE		PAGE
CLXXVI.	—Crucified in shame and anguish . . .	157
CLXXVII.	—Like organ tones that, with majestic roll .	174
CLXXVIII.	—Lord of my waiting soul, Thou Saviour dear	175
CLXXIX.	—And then a sound of triumph I could hear	175
CLXXX.	—Slain by the Son of God All-glorious .	176

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